

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. V.—No. 116. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, MARCH 25th, 1899.

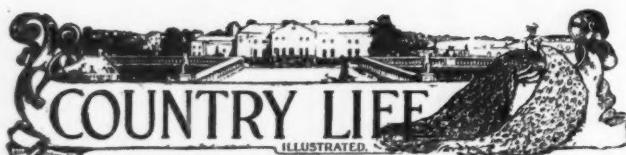
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70a, Grosvenor Street, W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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ATHLETIC SPORTS.

IT is not too much to say of the "Varsity Sports" that they are the most interesting athletic sports of the year. There are many meetings at which generally speaking better things are done—better times recorded—and the actual credit that any individual gains in winning one of the championship events is perhaps greater than the credit of winning "the mile" in the Varsity Sports; but, for all that, the interest in the meeting of the two Universities is more widespread than that in any other athletic meeting. In the first place, every member of each University feels, or ought to feel, a personal interest in the result. Every "old Blue," and many graduates who never gained a "Blue," have a similar interest in only rather less degree, and every parent, cousin, aunt, or friend of every competitor has the liveliest concern in the particular event which is enlisting the energies of their undergraduate relative or friend. All these considerations widen and popularise the interest; and, moreover, it is a very legitimate and proper interest. The Varsity Sports are so "clean"; they are so purely an amateur affair; so free from every taint of the "pot-hunting" business, much more so of the base gate-money attractions.

We all take things, as we find them, so much for granted, that it seldom happens to us to speculate about them much or look into the way that they have come into being. It seems to us so natural as to be quite inevitable that the Universities should meet in mutual rivalry, that we should be fired with partisan ardour on the one side or the other; and yet, if we take the trouble to look into the matter at all, we shall find that this rivalry, far from being part of the established order of Nature, is an affair of very modern growth, and, not only so, but that the very idea of athletic sports at all was entirely unmooted at the time that Queen Victoria came to the throne. To find any real parallel to the interest taken in athleticism to-day we have to throw the mental eye back across the immense interval that separates us from the Olympic games—a long jump indeed. Occasionally, in the Roman gladiatorial shows, the jousting of mediæval knights, and the play of quarter-staff, etc., on old English village greens, we get glimpses of something of the same kind in that interval. But the analogy is very incomplete until we reach the far-off games at Olympia; and at the date of Queen Victoria's accession the record of athletic sports in England is nil. The year 1838 is the earliest at which one seems to find any notice of athletics in *Bell's Life*, the old sporting paper, and it is singular that it is pedestrianism that is noticed there. It seems as if our ancestors, who lived in an age of stage-coaches, and greater dignity and sedateness than our own, liked walking races; we prefer to see men run. But somewhere about as far back as 1836 the great cross-country race called the "Crick," at Rugby School, was instituted. It is made classical in the pages of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." A year or two later *Bell* has an account of a quaint cross-country race between some Birmingham medical students. Like all medical students, they seem to have been modest, retiring young men, and too shy to run under their own names. Therefore they took curious *noms de guerre*—as Spouter, Neversweat, Sprightly, Rustic, Vulcan, and Chit-chat. The good Spouter won, with Mr. Neversweat—we hope his training did his name full justice—a good second. In 1845 Eton started a cross-country race on the lines of the "Crick," and about five years later a regular athletic meeting was held by some undergraduates of Exeter College at Oxford. It is curious to read *Bell* calling this "an interesting revival," and the way in which it occurred to the young men to get up the meeting is interesting and significant too. They had come home from a horse-race, dissatisfied with the entertainment they had received (we may surmise that they had lost their money), and one of them suggested—quite as a novelty—"Why not race ourselves?" So they did, and set a fashion that other colleges followed.

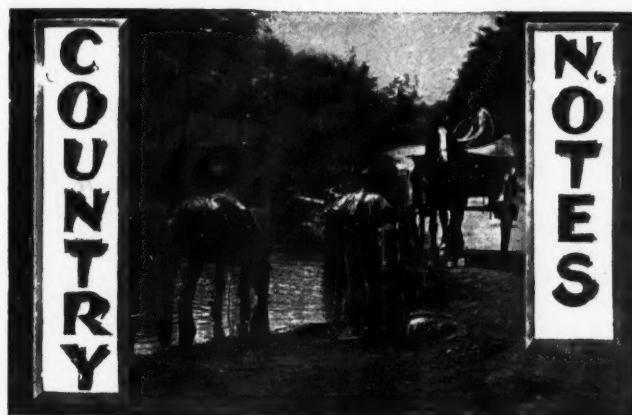
In the days when all athletics was comprised in pedestrianism, a Captain Barclay, one of the Barclays of Uriel, walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—a mile in each hour. It was considered a marvellous feat at the time, and while discussion of it was still rife a certain gallant soldier is reported to have found some sausages at table so much to his liking that he then and there backed himself to eat a thousand sausages in a thousand hours—a sausage an hour. Cooks were laid on, and men to call him every hour to eat a sausage; but the backer, though he was gallant, gave up at the third sausage, and paid forfeit. A thousand hours make forty-two days, or six weeks—in hours the time does not sound nearly as long, and if the man had performed his task it would have been an athletic feat indeed, but he could hardly have looked a pig in the face ever again.

Then in the Crimean War, in the second winter, the officers found the time hanging heavily on their hands, and started running races, the late Sir John Astley being one of the fleetest. The first University Sports were held at Cambridge in 1857. Oxford followed suit in 1860, and 1862 was the date of the first Inter-University contest.

It was just about the same time that the London Athletic Club came into existence, though at its first institution it was not so called, but was styled the Mincing Lane Athletic Club. This title, with its City flavour, was soon dropped in favour of the wider designation. Its meetings were always held in London, and its members chiefly recruited from University men. It was in 1866 that this club took its present name, and the very same year saw the Amateur Athletic Association—the famous A.A.A.—come into being. Wherewith we are brought to the threshold of the "history of our own times."

It is clear, from this brief summary, that interest in athletic sports in general, and in the Varsity Sports in particular, is of very modern growth. No doubt one of the factors in the increased interest was the increased facility of bringing people together that the invention of railways gave. Athletic meetings in the modern sense of the word means a good deal of expense on the track whereon the races are run, expense connected with the house, and so on, to say nothing of the prizes, on which we should like to see as little money expended as need be. To defray these expenses it was necessary that some gate-money should be secured, and you can only get gate-money from the folk who go in by the gate. But it is not only in athletic sports, properly so called, that the public interest has grown from nil to its present proportions during our Queen's reign. Of every

outdoor game the history is the same—cricket, football, golf, what you will—all were utterly disregarded fifty or sixty years ago. To-day there are many who are ready to deplore the ardour of enthusiasm with which they are pursued and their results recorded. This enthusiasm has created a branch of journalism that is absolutely of modern growth—the sporting paper. It is open to question in what measure the sporting Press is the creation of the interest in sport, and in what measure it has itself created that interest. In any case, if there be some who deem the present ardour for athletic pursuits an evil, in the excess to which it is carried, it is scarcely to be doubted that the general results are good—good for the health of the nation, and with living witnesses to its good results in the persons of strong sons and tall daughters. Nor are there lacking instances to show that athletic and intellectual success can go hand-in-hand. Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. Wells, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the present Attorney-General, the late Lord Justice Chitty, the late Bishop Wordsworth—these are only a few of the modern instances that readily occur to one's mind to equip the champions of athleticism when they meet their enemies in the gate.



THE Inter-University Sports that take place to-day (Friday) will make a marked era in athletic history. Two years after their establishment, in 1864, the programme of nine events was stereotyped, and till this year all attempts emanating from radical Oxford (in this case not "the home of the lost cause") had failed to have any effect on the conservatism of Cambridge. At last there is a change. The list of events has been enlarged to ten by the addition of a half-mile. This compromise of conflicting views is to last for three years, when the two Universities are to decide definitely whether the half-mile, hammer, or weight is to be dropped. It is interesting as an historical fact that the two feats of strength, so distasteful to Oxford, were originally included at the instance of a Scotch professional who happened to be resident at Oxford in 1865. They were at once adopted into the programme of the amateur championship, with the object of inducing as many University athletes as possible to compete.

A thoroughly bad case of abuse of the Ground Game Act has just come before the Halesworth magistrates. It so exactly illustrates the kind of ignorance plus avarice of many tenant-occupiers who let their shooting, that, though in this case the shooting was in the hands of the owner of the property, it is worth quoting. Three men were found rabbiting with guns, while a fourth had a ferret. They stated that they had hired the right from the tenant, and produced a receipt signed by him, so there was no question that they were speaking the truth. The tenant had looked on the Act as a concession of sporting rights. The magistrate explained the Act, and convicted the parties. The tenant who had made the illegal bargain suffered no loss.

It seems to be a very inexplicable kind of disease that is afflicting so many packs of hounds and actually putting a stop to the hunting in some parts of the country—as the Vale of Berkeley, for instance. The furthest that any expert seems to have gone in the way of diagnosis is that it "seems to be a kind of influenza." And as the great doctors admit that they are unable to diagnose and classify influenza itself, the canine experts do not seem to have carried us very much further by their dictum.

We look on any form of legislative interest in Irish sport as better than none at all, and welcome the Bill which provides that Irish partridge shooting is in future to begin on September 1st instead of on the 20th. This difference has formerly enabled Irish poachers to kill game there steadily for the English market, while sportsmen had to wait, and find nothing left when they did begin. We wish some of our Irish readers would let us know whether quail are decreasing or increasing in Ireland? Perhaps

everyone's experience is not the same. But our own is that they have been scarcer than usual in England for the last five years.

The migrations of curlew are not often commented on, but from various accounts received, these birds must pass over in vast numbers about this time of year. The city of Dublin seems to be a point where this tide of migration passes over, as it has frequently been noticed that vast flights wing their way above the Irish metropolis. On the night of Wednesday of last week enormous flocks of curlew must have gone over Dublin, as from after dark to long past midnight a continuous flight seemed to be going on; the weird, wild cry was unceasing. The direction of the flight seemed to be north-east. Have such migrations been noticed in other parts?

The Irish hunting season passed over with very few casualties, but unfortunately "to finish the season" some bad accidents have to be recorded. One of the most to be regretted is that to Mr. Lindsay-Fitzpatrick, the very popular Master of the South Mayo Hounds, who broke his leg while out with his own hounds on Tuesday of last week. The Master of the South Mayos is one of the most universal favourites in the West of Ireland. His niece, Miss Cornwallis-West, has been staying at Hollymount all this season, hunting with the Roscommon Staghounds and the South Mayos.

The lovely Westmeath Lakes—the paradise of the "Green Drake" angler—opened for trout fishing on March 1st, but little has been done, as the days have been too cold and clear and generally frosty at night. At first the fishing is chiefly confined to trolling, and grand, large brown trout running from 5lb. to 16lb. are often taken in this way. The largest trout on record was one of 26lb. taken in Lake Belvedere some years ago. About a year ago one of 17½lb. was caught in Lough Owel by an officer quartered at Mullingar. "Dapping" with the natural fly is the favourite way of fishing, in April and May, on the Westmeath Lakes.

That useful body, the Commons Preservation Society, received last week a gathering of deputations from other local and London bodies interested in preserving the Thames for public enjoyment. A special committee was appointed to deal with this, the first object being to maintain the right of the public to use the towpath as a footpath. We did not know that this was questioned. But there is no doubt that much has been already done to improve the river walls. Birds have been protected, and have greatly increased. Lilies are preserved, and fish are turned in, though in nothing like adequate numbers. Funds might be procured for this purpose by charging a small fee to anglers, who would be repaid by the increased catch.

But there is no doubt that the Thames has now a greater value to the public for outdoor recreation of the best kind than any similar area of land or water in England. Its protection is a matter of national importance, and powers to prevent the marring of its beauty for commercial purposes should be secured to some really strong controlling body. The Conservators do something of this on the Upper Thames. But, to cite one case in many, between Kew Railway Bridge and Barnes Bridge there has, for the last twelve years, been a foul dust heap, to which hundreds of thousands of tons of town dirt have been sent. How can anyone say that the enjoyment of the river is secured to the public while this kind of thing is possible? There should be a Thames Trust, just as there are trustees for the British Museum.

It is announced that the Red-polled Cattle Society has arranged to hold special milking trials for the breed in connection with the forthcoming Norfolk Show. The novel point in these trials is that they are to extend over the whole month previous to the show (from May 28th to June 27th), during which time the cows will be on the farms where they are kept, and subject to surprise visits arranged by the Red-polled Society to check the records. The milk given at the show is also to be weighed and tested, and the scale of points obtainable is to be as follows: one-third of the full number for quantity of milk, one-third for quality, and one-third for personal merit. It is hoped that by this means the milk-giving, as well as the beef-making, properties may be encouraged and maintained in the breed.

There will no doubt be difficulties in carrying out the trials, but they will be lessened by the fact that the principal red-polled herds are nearly all kept in Norfolk and Suffolk, Lord Rothschild's being one of the few exceptions. There is no doubt that the East Anglian is excellent as a "dual purpose" breed, for it is no uncommon thing in some herds for cows to calve every ten months without going dry more than a fortnight, to give over 800 gallons of milk in the year, besides feeding their calves for the first month, and yet to keep themselves in good condition without high feeding.

Following the example of the National Sheep Breeders Association, the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture have passed a resolution urging the Board of Agriculture to acquire power to order the compulsory dipping of sheep in order to prevent and eradicate scab. The wisdom of adjourning the debate, instead of forcing a final declaration of opinion in a divided house at the previous meeting, has thus been abundantly proved. Those who could not fall in with the compulsory dipping policy when the subject was first under discussion have, upon reflection, come to think better of the scheme, and, if they have not all actually changed their views, they have at least agreed to sink personal considerations in deference to the opinion and desire of the vast majority.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Master of the Belvoir, is doing all he can to encourage horse-breeding in his country. He provides three sires of celebrity and merit—a thorough-bred, Ruddigore, a grandson of Rouge Rose, the dam of Bend Or; a Hackney, Contest; and a Shire, Conquering Combination. Three sounder sires were never offered at a nominal fee to tenant-farmers. No doubt the Shire will get the most patronage, for it is difficult to see, now that foreign competition has made stock-raising so precarious and farming equally unprofitable, where the rent for grass farms is to come from, unless it be found in an endeavour to meet the demand for active cart-horses for town work. Just now a feeling of depression is spreading over the grazing countries, which it may be feared is well founded. Everyone interested in country life and country sport should endeavour to help; not, indeed, by lecturing farmers, but either by direct help, as Sir Gilbert Greenall in the instance quoted above, or by using political and social influence to obtain such relief for the farmers as is just and fair. Something has been done, and more, perhaps, will be when the Agricultural Department can turn its attention from muzzles to something more useful.

The question of railway couplings ought to interest travellers by rail during the Easter holidays. Strong opposition is threatened to the Government proposal to make automatic couplings compulsory on all goods waggons. It will cost a good deal of money, but the railway servants maintain that the present system causes a great preventable loss of life and limb. "It's not fish you're buying, Monk barns, it's men's lives," is the line taken by the people who run the danger. We are not much struck by the arguments on the other side, which anyone can read for himself in Saturday's *Times*. The cost, so far as the colliers and railway companies are concerned, will be partly saved by the decrease in the item of compensation for accidents. But some measure ought to be passed, even if the public have to pay slightly higher fares and rates.

The Board of Agriculture recommends to the good offices of all farmers and gardeners the swallows, martins, and flycatchers. It was news to us that swallows caught the mischievous daddy-long-legs—mischievous, that is, in a "previous state," or hop-fly, but doubtless they kill numbers of the smaller winged "blight." Flycatchers are indefatigable insect killers, and, unlike the swallows, are very much increasing in most parts of the country. In some counties where they were not numerous twenty years ago there are two or three pairs in every garden. We should like to add the cuckoo to the insect-eating birds which deserve encouragement. It is as greedy for insects as a flycatcher, and is ten times larger. In Kent gardens it is carefully preserved. We have seen one in the May-fly season so gorged with ephemeræ, that it literally could not swallow one it held in its beak.

Salmon migration has been almost entirely checked by the bitter cold of this March. One of the leading salmon salesmen of London informs us that fish have been more scarce and dear this year than at any previous season in his recollection. In addition to the heavy floods coming down, the waters of the sea are so cold that fish do not probably come so fast into condition as they ought. As it is now known that they lay up their whole store of energy before ascending the rivers, and do not eat when in fresh water, their caution in ascending without being "in training" is natural. From Irish, Dutch, English, and Scotch rivers the reports are uniformly bad.

Sea fish are, however, likely to be as numerous as ever, in spite of improved fishing boats, steam trawlers, and artificial baits. Professor McIntosh, of St. Andrews, has reviewed all the experimental trawling results in the areas closed on the Scotch coast for from twelve to three years, and finds that there are no more fish, and no less, than when trawling there was allowed. The open sea fishery does not deteriorate at all, and as nearly all the eggs of food fishes float, like frogs' spawn, in the open ocean, instead of being laid on the bottom, it comes to no harm, and is astonishingly prolific. He anticipates no diminution whatever in the harvest of the sea.

We have at last got a specimen of the most beautiful of all the felidæ for the Zoo. This is the clouded tiger, a large cat of the Straits Settlements and Sumatra. Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded Singapore and laid the foundation of our Empire in the Far East, and later, with Sir H. Davy, became the founder of the Zoo, brought the first from Sumatra. It was as tame as a kitten, and became the pet of all the sailors on the voyage. The coat, unlike all other felidæ except the marbled cat, is marked in irregular patches of a rectangular shape. The grading of colour is quite impossible to describe, and where it is now kept it is difficult to see and admire. Another of the most lovely cats, the golden cat of Sumatra, is scarcely visible, and never appreciated, for the same reason.

They were enjoying really Royal weather in the South of France, where so many Royalties were assembled, all the while that London was lying under its thickest pall of fog. It was the weather that first brings the lizards and the crickets out of their winter quarters, and sends the long wedge-shaped strings of the "Demoiselle" cranes flighting northward from Africa to the South of Russia, where luncheon and afternoon tea are a delight in the open air. The Queen, of course, was at Nice, or Cimiez, and thither came the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught coming, like the cranes, from Africa. The Prince of Wales was at Cannes, and the Princess of Wales yachting in the Mediterranean. All this while London was under its belated fog.

The clearance of the houses in Parliament Street has made an astonishing difference in the aspect of that group of building at Westminster which is justly regarded as marking the political centre of the world, just as the City of London is the commercial centre. Part of the clearance is on the site of the old Whitehall, and there the new War Office buildings will be erected. Before the design is settled, Lord Wemyss's proposal should be carefully weighed. He reminds us that Inigo Jones designed a new palace at Whitehall, of which one piece, the banqueting house, was actually built, while his design for the adjacent parts is still preserved. This banqueting house, now the United Service Institution Museum, is by common consent the best piece of Palladian architecture in England, and the design for the rest is equally remarkable for perfect proportion, dignity, and staid reserve. We must hope that the design will be widely published. Inigo Jones's work is incomparable. Where even a fragment survives in buildings altered or completed by others, it can be selected at once, by anyone with a proper feeling for architecture. Even in his designs for scenery in the mosques at Hampton Court the architectural work is so good that palaces or halls might be built from it.

"There is always something new from Africa," was a Roman saying; but that "something new" is sometimes astonishingly old. Five thousand years at least is the length of time assigned to the contents of the tomb of the first of the Pharaohs which has been discovered on the edge of the Libyan desert. There seems no end to these discoveries; but a civilisation of such enormous duration, which for thousands of years aimed at preserving records of the dead, has naturally left an immense accumulation of relics. The royal tomb with its buried treasures is really a rock palace for the habitation of the dead. No less than sixteen chambers were filled with all things necessary for the monarch's use, from provisions to decorative furniture, such as porphyry vases. The food was all stored in large earthenware vessels, and these were carefully sealed, and an inventory of the contents stamped in clay on the covers. And perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this tomb is that the people who made it were, so far as we can judge from their arts and commodities, just as civilised as any Oriental nation of to-day, except, perhaps, the Japanese.

It is a good thing that the cycling authorities, both in England and France, are setting their faces against the auto-motor pacer. When pacing meant setting the pace, and no more, it was quite a legitimate aid to the cyclist racing against time. But when it came to the wind-shielding business it became not quite fair; for it meant that the cyclist had little wind to fight against, but a good deal to help him—for, of course, the wind-shielders kept carefully out of the way when the wind was *a tergo*.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE Hon. Mrs. Charles Sydney Goldmann, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the daughter of Viscount Peel, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and was recently married at the little church of St. Swithin, Sandy, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Goldmann spent their honeymoon in Egypt.

TWO ROYAL COACHMEN.

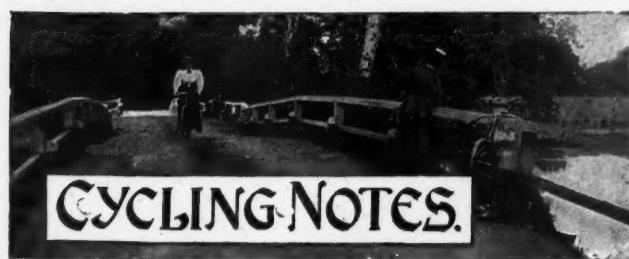
THE merits of the Shetland pony have been so frequently referred to in COUNTRY LIFE, that it is needless to say that the accompanying illustration is most welcome to our columns. The proof it affords that the youthful Princes of the House of England are permitted to indulge the innate love of horseflesh that is born in every Briton, will alone prove gratifying to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, whilst the selection of the Shetland pony as the steed upon which their talents as amateur coachmen may be exercised, must inevitably add to the prestige of these excellent little ponies. The Shetland is one of the most intelligent and docile of all horses, and, though his frame is small, it is well knit, and his heart is so stout that his muscle and spirit combine to render him invaluable for far more arduous work than the tininess of his dimensions might at first suggest. We therefore hail the Royal recognition of the Shetland as an omen of good fortune for the breed, as when Her Majesty and her children's children lead the way, the British public are invariably prepared to follow.

That the Shetland is worthy of the support of Princes there can be no doubt at all—a glance at the accompanying illustration, and at that of Mrs. Hope-Johnstone and her famous pair of trotting Shetlands which appeared in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE a few weeks ago, will prove this fact; and the admirably carried out details of the miniature equipage must delight the hearts of even hardened driving men. The pose of the youthful charioteer proves, as might be expected, that his tuition in the art of driving has been entrusted to an able mentor, whilst the dimensions of the vehicle so perfectly correspond to the height and substance of the ponies, that the most fastidious critic would find it impossible to discover a weak spot in the appointments of Prince Leopold's and Prince Maurice's turn-out. The ponies themselves may be accepted as model representatives of their breed, the sturdy build of the Shetland, the short backs, the thick shaggy manes, and the small, true-shaped feet being peculiar characteristics of this most charming yet neglected variety of pony.

Photo

PRINCES LEOPOLD AND MAURICE OF BATTENBERG.

Mullins.



CYCLING NOTES.

EASTER is early this year, and the annual caution which it is necessary to enjoin upon the inexperienced rider is more than ever needed. From several points of view it is necessary to tour in severest moderation at this time of year. The rider cannot possibly be at his fittest, the opportunities for long journeys having been comparatively few; and even the experienced rider, and a winter "mud-plugger" into the bargain, is never at his best until well into the spring. Another factor to be borne in mind is that the roads themselves are not in so good a condition as later on in the summer. Some will be naturally under repair, and unridable accordingly; others will still be untouched, and therefore rough and bumpy as the result of last year's traffic; while all are more or less likely to be in poor condition owing to atmospheric considerations alone. Either they are wind-swept, and therefore harsh—for no road is so uncomfortable as one that is coated with a slight film of dust—or they are rain-sodden and heavy.

It is the temperature, however, of which the early tourist has chiefly to beware. At midsummer all his vital energy may be devoted to the propulsion of his cycle; but in a low temperature he has, first and foremost, to maintain the bodily heat, and a good portion of his vitality has to be directed against external cold, thus leaving far less for his machine. From all these reasons the covering of distance is a more serious matter than at a later period of the season, and moderation in mapping out the programme is the prime essential of an Easter jaunt.

A useful manual has just been issued by the Cyclists' Touring Club. It may be remembered that when the decision of the Queen's Bench Division was given on the subject of lighting up, it was somewhat pitifully enquired in many quarters as to how the time of local sunset was to be determined by country magistrates and chief constables. The only calculations that had ever been made were those of the Cyclists' Touring Club, issued annually to the members; and failing the provision of any official compilation, these constitute the sole available information for all concerned. The club could hardly be expected, however, to issue its Handbook broadcast for the benefit of magistrates and others; but it has done the next best thing, and reprinted in pamphlet form those portions of the book which deal with lighting-up time and other laws and bye-laws affecting cyclists. The brochure contains the tables for the computation of local sunset and sunrise in any part of Great Britain, and justices' clerks and others need no longer be in any difficulty on the subject, inasmuch as the club has forwarded copies to the proper quarters all over the country. Any member of the public may also obtain the pamphlet upon application at the head offices of the club at 47, Victoria Street, S.W.

A tall story has been told in an evening paper which has the merit of novelty, but little else. A cyclist, it is said, was riding through Wennington, near Purfleet, behind another cyclist, when the latter suddenly became enveloped in smoke and flames. The burnt rider carried no matches with him, and the only reason advanced for the outbreak, which resulted in the total destruction of his coat, is that the heat of the sun had set alight the tube of tyre solution which was in his pocket. Scepticism concerning this alleged incident is inevitable. If tubes of solution are prone to take fire in March owing to the heat of the sun's rays, what must happen to the myriads of cyclists who are riding in the height of summer? I have cycled in Italy in July, when the sun did its best to melt the very flesh off one's bones, but I have not found my tube of solution liable to excite a miniature conflagration, even if exposed to the atmosphere during the process of a puncture repair, nor do I believe that anything of the kind is likely to happen.

Three years ago I saw in Paris a very neat device for the benefit of cycling photographers, in the shape of a telescopic tripod which could readily be attached to a safety, and on being let down would support the machine, so that the rider could take a photograph without leaving the saddle. Until recently, however, I had seen nothing of the kind in this country, but the "Primus Photo-Sketch," which has been put on the market by Messrs. W. Butcher and Son, of the Landseer Cycle and Carriage Works, Blackheath, is a device of similar effect. It is made of cane, and weighs very little, as well as being ingeniously contrived throughout. Clamped to the handle-bar, in the first instance, just outside the stalk, it may be carried along the frame without interfering with the rider. When required for use, however, it has only to be unhitched at the rear, and swung forward, an extension, carried within the hollow cane, being then produced. The end of this is pointed, and, when fixed into the ground, the arrangement offers a sufficiently firm support for machine and rider. It does more than this, however, as connected with the clamp which fastens



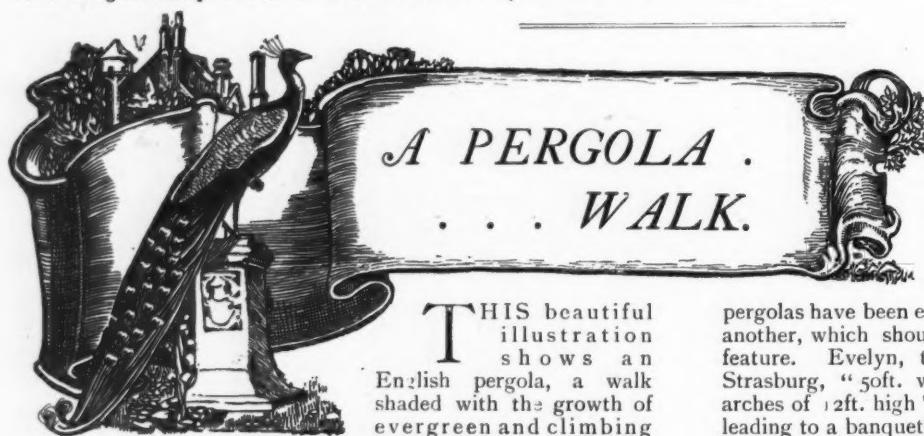
"PRIMUS PHOTO-SKETCH"

to the handle-bar is a small movable platform, on a swivel stem, for the support of the camera. This platform can be placed at any angle, owing to the double hinges employed. Of course it is hardly necessary to say that the cycling photographer is not bound to take a photograph while seated on his machine, but can dismount and use the cycle in conjunction with the rod as an extempore tripod.

The Droxford magistrates who fined a couple of cyclists recently for riding without a light, although the cause of their offending was solely the fact that they had been diverted from their homeward course to fetch a doctor to an urgent case, and had to ride eleven miles before they could find him, has fortunately not been followed in other parts of the country, several pleas of similar effect having been accepted as valid. The latest is that of a priest at Dundalk,

who was summoned to a life and death case, and encountering a piece of unridable road, he betook himself to the adjacent footpath. For this he was summoned, but the magistrates, on hearing his defence, at once dismissed the case. Little reflection is needed to show that no fears need be apprehended as to the possible abuse of toleration of this kind. It is futile to insinuate that cyclists everywhere could proffer an excuse of this nature and invent a wholly fictitious errand of mercy. An excuse to be good must be proved to have a foundation in fact, and dying parishioners and injured patients are not so plentiful as to render a pretext of this kind a matter of easy justification. Each case must be judged on the facts, and where it can be clearly shown that the defence is valid, it is sheer and unadulterated inhumanity to fine the cyclist for his offending.

THE PILGRIM.



over the sturdy side and cross stems, and make a fragrant retreat during hot summer days, when to walk in the garden is wearisome, but to look upon a brilliant parterre from a cool, creeper-covered way is restful and refreshing. Pergola is, of course, an Italian word, a name given to a certain kind of grape, and as in Southern countries the vine is grown out of doors, the support for the growth was called after the distinctive name of the kind used, pergola, we presume, being more largely used than others. Hence the term came into general vogue, and meant, too, any covered way, gazebo, or summer-house. In Southern lands, warmed by brilliant sunshine almost the whole year, pergolas are grateful sun shelters, and more strongly constructed, with brick or stone pillars, than in

England, where, unfortunately, our summers are usually too short and too cold for costly arbours. Gardening in Britain is, however, undergoing slowly a wonderful change; it is more artistic and varied, and pergolas are no uncommon feature, as the illustrations that have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE testify. The beautiful pergola walk by the water at Tangley Manor is an example worthy of imitation, and in many gardens now

pergolas have been erected to lead from one part of the grounds to another, which should always be the object of this interesting feature. Evelyn, the garden lover, mentions a pergola at Strasburg, "soft, wide and 8ft. from the ground, having ten arches of 12ft. high"; and Johnson makes mention of a pergola leading to a banqueting house in the following words: "He was ordained his standing in the pergola of the banqueting house."

As we have upon a previous occasion written of pergolas, their construction and uses, general remarks only are now necessary. Oak is the most satisfactory wood to use, and fanciful embellishments should be avoided. Modern work is too terrible to imitate, and elaborate structures are needless. Oak arches, as seen in our illustration, are artistic and simple. Never make a pergola near large trees, which overshadow the plants trained over the arches, and rob the soil of nutriment. Those who have constructed such a pergola during the past winter, and wish to cover it quickly, should sow at once or plant out annual climbers, the annual hop in particular, a graceful plant with trails of light green foliage. It grows with wonderful rapidity. Convolvulus, canary creeper



F. Mason Good.

A COOL WALK IN SUMMER-TIME.

Copyright

(*Tropaeolum canariense*), and climbing *T. Lobbianum* varieties may be used also.

The pergola gives opportunities for the growth of the vines, strangely neglected in English gardens, all climbers of graceful growth, with leaves of changing hues in autumn; some of brownish green mingled with brown, others fiery crimson, a mass of colour, undimmed even by a blaze of Virginian creeper. The splendid *Vitis Coignetiae*, with leaves nearly a foot across, *V. labrusca*, or the Northern fox grape, *V. vulpina*, the Southern fox grape, and others, should ramble over the oaken stems; roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle mingling their perfume in summer-time.



F. Otto.

THE WATER CARRIER.

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POINT-TO-POINT . . . STEEPLECHASING

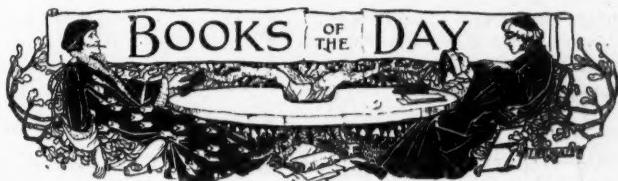
THE "Point-to-Point" season, which is year by year becoming a more important feature of the close of every hunting season, has this year set in with increased vigour, and last week was marked by quite a number of these sporting affairs. To begin with, the soldiers held their meeting on the classic Dunchurch slopes, on which, in years gone by, the issues of so many "Grand Militarys" were fought out between good and true horses and men of those days. What a grand course it used to be, the old Grand Military course, when the country was taken as it came and hardly a twig of the stout old black-thorn fences was touched. The same can hardly be said now, considering that the line laid out between Barby and Bilton, for the soldiers who ran their hunters there last week, had had its inequalities considerably modified by art. This of course gave rise to a certain amount of fault-finding on the part of the old staggers, and yet I think that, on this occasion, at any rate, they were wrong, and that Captain Beatty, who very kindly laid out the line, was right. In the first place, hunters are not steeple-chasers, and do not pretend to be, and the ordinary "fox-catcher" can hardly be expected to race over a big country which he would negotiate with perfect safety at his ordinary hunting pace. Again, there were tremendous entries for all three events on the card, and it was certain that the fields would be far larger than any which would go to the post for an ordinary steeplechase. The probability was, therefore, that there would be a great deal of crowding and hustling for the easiest places in the fences had they been left in a perfectly natural state, and much consequent

grief. I therefore think that Captain Beatty did well to have the fences cut and laid, so that there was room for everyone, and one place was as good as another. Moreover, granted that it was a galloping rather than a jumping line of country, is it not better to have a long "tail" than to see the ground strewn with corpses? If anyone had doubted this, he would have been convinced on seeing the horses which were about to run.

The first event for light weights, catch weights over 12st., brought out an enormous field, but one looked in vain for quality. A nice, useful, hunter-like lot they were, and that is all that could be said. They were clever enough, however, and there had been singularly little grief when Mr. E. S. O'Brien's Baccarat, having galloped smoothly over the ridge and furrow which some of his rivals found so puzzling, sailed home in front of Mr. E. S. Dickin's Garibaldi, with Captain C. G. Mackenzie's Strathblane third. On going into the paddock to inspect the "welters," who had to carry a minimum of 14st., Mr. Cornwallis West's Oxhill was much admired, whilst Royalist was said to be a very useful performer, and Lord W. Bentinck's Eleanor, Lord Binning's William, Captain Lawson's David, and Mr. Behrens's Honesty were all a good stamp of 14st. hunter. Many good judges, however, pinned their faith to Mr. Sherman's Brownstone, who was only beaten by Oxhill, Captain Schofield's Royalist being third. The race for veterans, catch weights over 13st. 7lb., resulted in the victory of Mr. Forbes's Signal, with Captain Gordon's Red Abbot second, Mr. J. C. Browne's Gamester third, and Mr. F. A. Gill's Paddy fourth.

So ended a great meeting, enjoyed in almost summer weather, and which not only attracted a very large and representative crowd of interested spectators, but also resulted in a really good afternoon's sport as well. The thanks of all soldiers are certainly due to Colonel Toogood and Captain Beatty, to whose combined and able management the meeting undoubtedly owed its success.

OUTPOST.



LITERATURE has its fashions no less than any other form of expression, and those who have lived but a few years of its life know how vastly different are the tendencies of thought and the aspects of Society it interprets. In the strong school of historic realism, mingled with a craving for melodramatic forms, we have been witnessing the passing of the "human document." Our writers, good comfortable souls, have grown tired of morbid anatomy, for readers are no longer so anxious to discover poor human nature stretched upon the dissecting board, and to watch the developments of consciousness as they would, through a microscope, the circulation in the foot of a frog. Happily it is possible to retain what is best of the soul-searching method by casting the product into a strong mould with more vigorous components. It seemed an excellent thing that the genial and humorous author of "The Chronicles of an Eminent Fossil," which stood high among the "Autonyms," should undertake such a fusion. His "Weaver of Runes" (John Long) is in many ways a good story, a little leisurely in the telling, but very well told all the same, full of the zest for character, with some excellent fooling, and a good deal of cynicism. The method of the book is peculiar, for the narrator, who is the author unmistakably, goes through it like a Greek chorus, expounding and explaining, and is something like a "super" in the serio-comedy, although his part at times becomes important, and he proves a Fidus Achates to more than one of the characters in the story, only to pass out of it at the end like a shadow. There is something in Captain Dutton Burrard akin to Maeterlinck, the so-called "Belgian Shakespeare," in that he feels himself an agent in the working of forces independent of natural laws, in other words, of that "aggregate which men call Fate."

However, he certainly takes us into the open air and into delightful scenes which he knows very well, and describes with high literary power. All his drama is enacted in Kashmir, at a hill station, in the summer, and then by the waters of the Jhelum. The characters who move in Anglo-Indian Society are described to the life—the general and his charming wife and daughters, the scheming mother, most amusing, the misogynist captain, the amatory subalterns, and the crowd who play tennis, cricket, and polo, who ride and shoot and smoke. Captain Burrard has singled out several characters for his analysis. Of these, three are men—the excellent misogynist above-mentioned, strong, stout, and wholesome, subdued at last to his own undoing, and two weaklings. There are several well-drawn and life-like women, but one only, the heroine, Helen Challoner, is subjected to careful delineation. As to the weaklings, I confess that "Skittles," the invertebrate son of Lord Kilcrennan, whom Mrs. Saltrayne has captured for her daughter, seems unreal. Captain Burrard does not spare words in depicting the poor harmless creature as contemptible. "Skittles," at least, is the victim of Fate. He is caught in the toils of the mother, and blind destiny carries him forward. One wonders, even, why he does not risk a breach of promise suit and break the spell. However, honour is involved, and "Skittles" can see no way out of it but a quiet plunge into the waters of the Dhal lake, and, when he is "found drowned," his Fidus Achates discerns the first and last spark of nobility he ever displayed.

The other weakling is of a class far more interesting, and his vagaries are highly amusing. "The young ass! he will be caught for a cert," exclaims honest misogynist, when he sees him philandering with Miss-Peggie Challoner. It has not yet been discovered that Invertebrate No. 2 is engaged

to a girl in England. He reveals the fact to the Fidus Achates, who forthwith sets to work to stiffen his fibre. Captain Burrard has a perfect grasp of the character of this feeble being, and his emotional impulses, transient aspirations to the good, and fluctuating amatory tendencies are developed in quite a masterly fashion. Playing false to the girl at home, tampering through his selfishness with the happiness of Miss Peggy, and nearly ruining the future of his sister, he yet meets the cold admonitions of his Mentor with the confident remark that a man can really love but once. "And a most unscientific belief, too," I said, bluntly. "A man whose temperament predisposes him to the domestic life must, as a natural consequence, so long as he leads a celibate life, incline to love. It is simply the emotional effect of a physical cause."

It would be unfair to disclose how the real heroine, Helen, is involved in this drama. Captain Burrard has devoted extraordinary pains to an analysis of her character, and it must be said that his Fidus Achates stands in a very peculiar relation to her. They are platonic friends, and she, engaged to an officer in the plain, discusses with him not only the relations of men and women, but her own particular relations to the officer in question. The Mentor has found a pessimistic vein in her, and discovers that it arises from the fact that she cannot give her passionate lover an adequate return. Thereupon he counsels her that, upon the basis of respect, liking, and moderate, reasonable affection, is raised the durable structure of connubial bliss. The lady, who is divinely tall and most divinely fair, and a splendid horse-woman, seems at first all-sufficient in herself. But there is a rift within the lute, whereby hangs the tale. He had discovered in her a mystifying indifference, a cynicism which seemed extraordinary in such a girl, and his further exploration disclosed her as versed in the "dynamics of consciousness," to employ his materialistic terminology, and holding strong individual views upon the relations of the sexes, though let me hasten to say that they would command themselves even to the approval of Mrs. Grundy. Altogether Helen Challoner is a very fine character, and the author has depicted her with great skill and patience. I may say the same of all his characters according to their degree of importance, and there are none merely labelled lay figures. It is a book that will be greatly enjoyed by a large class, and I have endeavoured to explain its character, so that those who look only for sensation and extraordinary happenings may not be disappointed. There are episodes in it, truly, with mysteries and plotting, but this is not the best part of the book, to which I am inclined to assign notable literary quality. Captain Burrard writes very well, and all his chapters are pleasant reading, though some of those in the middle of the volume are merely descriptive, and do not help the action.

A strong and virile—albeit, in the end, an unspeakably sad—story is "Two Men o' Mendip," by Walter Raymond (Longmans). Mr. Raymond knows Somersetshire to the life. He revealed remarkable sympathetic insight in his slight "Gentleman Urcott's Daughter," and those who know the villagers of the West Country were impressed with his strong realism. Now he shows far

greater power, and though the framework of his tragic idyll is slender, it is all-sufficient for his purpose. He takes us back to rural Somerset in the year 1813, when the influence of terror was abroad in the land. The sight of men hanging in chains on gibbets, with bony fingers pointing to the scenes of their fatal acts, sent a thrill through rural life that lasted for two generations at least. The stern retribution for misdeed, with all its consequences working through the impulses and feelings of the country-side, has given Mr. Raymond a fine subject for his story. The homely speech and honest worth of Farmer Winterhead are charmingly told, and Mr. Raymond has made of him a great character. It is a weak fibre of fear in the Somersetshire farmer that is the pivot upon which the interest of the story and the fate of its characters turn. Lest his ricks should burn or his cattle be hamstrung, he is silent where he should have spoken. His weakness is in the strength of his love, and his daughter's happiness is involved, linking her with the evil-doer. It is all strong, tragic, and life-like. The characters are human in pathos and humour, and Patty Winterhead and Cousin Selina, like the farmer, are particularly well described. The rural background and the pleasant Somersetshire air, moreover, are charmingly presented in pages that are very delightful, though mournful, to read. This book, indeed, is a great advance upon "Gentleman Urcott," and is highly meritorious.

A simple and well-told tale is "The Desire of Their Hearts," by Margaret Parker (Jarrold). The theme is familiar—an impoverished family restored to affluence; the fair heroine wooed by her courtly lover, not for herself but for her wealth; a new will discovered; poverty again. The maiden all forlorn; impulsive, rebellious, reproachful, always charming, and manifestly destined at the last page for a happy future. Many other characters are woven into the story, and the authoress has justified her budding reputation as a very pleasant story-teller.

"Accessory After the Fact" is the title given to a series of excellent short, bright, and crisp stories by Mrs. Leith Adams (Digby, Long). I enter a strong protest against the omission from the title of any intimation that the title story is only one of a series. I opened it thinking it filled the volume, and was deceived.

For pure sensation I would recommend "Pursued by the Law," by J. Maclaren Cobban. It has little else to recommend it, but is just such a book as may beguile a long journey or a dull evening. The hero displays no common sense at the beginning, and soon finds himself unjustly condemned for manslaughter. Fortunately a *Deus ex machina* appears in the person of a deliverer, who plots escape. Why he does so will a little mystify the reader. The rest of the volume is occupied with the life of the innocent hero, pursued by the law, made the prey of blackmailers, and generally leading an anxious and perilous existence until, by the happiest coincidence, he is relieved of the odium of crime. The heroine is truer to life than any of the other characters, who have their merit in the parts they play in the development of the incidents and plots.

A Greek Retrieving Pointer.

THE fine old dog shown on this page is an old acquaintance of ours and of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. He is the property of a gentleman at Smyrna, who forwarded to us the series of illustrations of woodcock shooting at Ephesus published in this paper. His owner now sends us some details of the dog's history. Those of us who spent much labour in mastering the Greek tongue will be pleased to observe that English is now part of the education of the old Greek colonies of Ionia. We print here our correspondent's letter:

"Though it is rather difficult for pointers to retrieve woodcock, there is an exception of the rule in a few dogs of that kind. The enclosed original photograph certifies that the dog's best pleasure is to retrieve any kind of game, but especially woodcock. There are a few remarkable occasions of the sagacity of

that dog, I observed on woodcock shooting, which are worth noticing. Shooting during a wintry day at Bekioy, he was retrieving me a shot bird, and on his way to me he instantly pointed a second bird, which he started without dropping the bird he carried. This bird was also shot, and retrieved after the first.

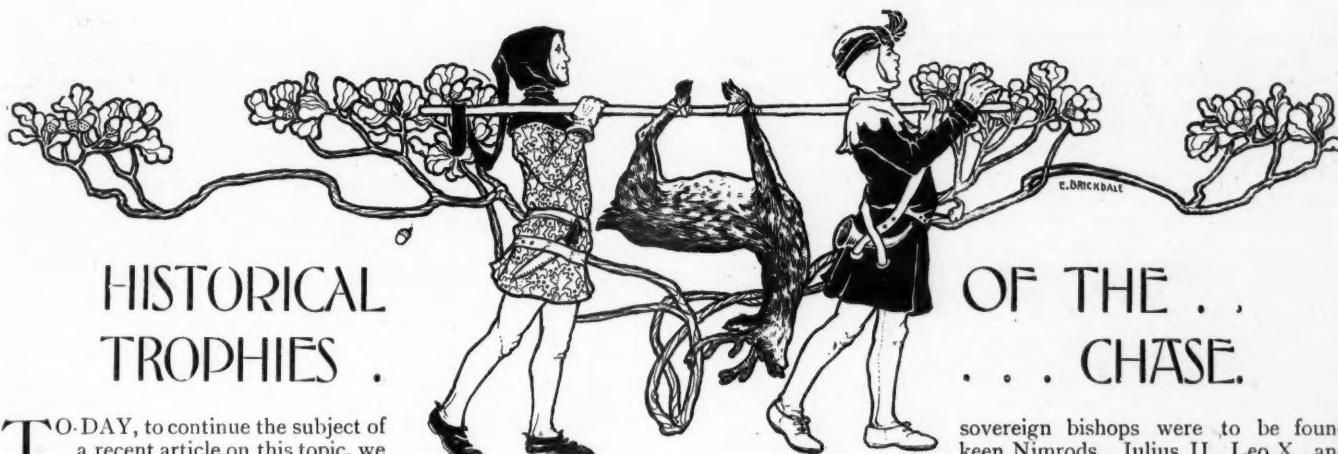
"On another shooting expedition at Carabounari a bird was started by a friend, who, being in the thicket and not able to fire, called to me to do so; presently I saw a woodcock flying, and taking a good aim I fired and the bird dropped. On the moment which my dog was going forward to retrieve it I saw the bird rising up, and it disappeared in the back of the thicket, after firing the second barrel at it without any result. We then went towards the place we saw the bird was going, and shortly the whole company fired sixteen shots on the same bird unsuccessfully, being pointed and started by the same dog, where at last we lost sight of the bird.

"In our return over the hills I noticed that my dog was not interested in the sport as before; probably he was displeased for our having not shot the bird he started so many times. Just thinking of this during the way, I saw him pointing close to a thick bush lower; instantly a rush of the animal in the thick bush and a startling noise of wings was heard, with a feeble voice 'he-he' and to my astonishment I beheld him retrieving a woodcock. Presently I thought the bird was shot or wounded by previous shots of other sportsmen, but closely inspecting, I saw it was alive, and the dog did not consent to give it to me on any account. At last I bid him to do so, and he obeyed, leaving the bird in my hands, which, not being taken properly, rushed upwards in the air and disappeared, after having fired both barrels, aiming steadily. My companions, who were not far off, came and asked what was the matter, but without replying I pointed to the dog, between whose lips could be seen woodcock feathers. It was evident what was the case.

"Yours faithfully,
"MAVROYENI."



"GOOD DOG!"



HISTORICAL TROPHIES.

TO-DAY, to continue the subject of a recent article on this topic, we deal first with what was the favourite stalking season of continental sportsmen, *i.e.*, the rutting time of the stag. The continental forests were then, and are to a certain extent to-day, the genuine article, namely, densely-timbered woods in which game, be it even the lordly hart, could not be seen, much less stalked under the circumstances ordinarily surrounding the Scotch stalker. Only during the rutting season is silent approach at all possible, for it is then that the wary old stags



STAG WITH ABNORMAL ANTLERS, SHOT 1737.

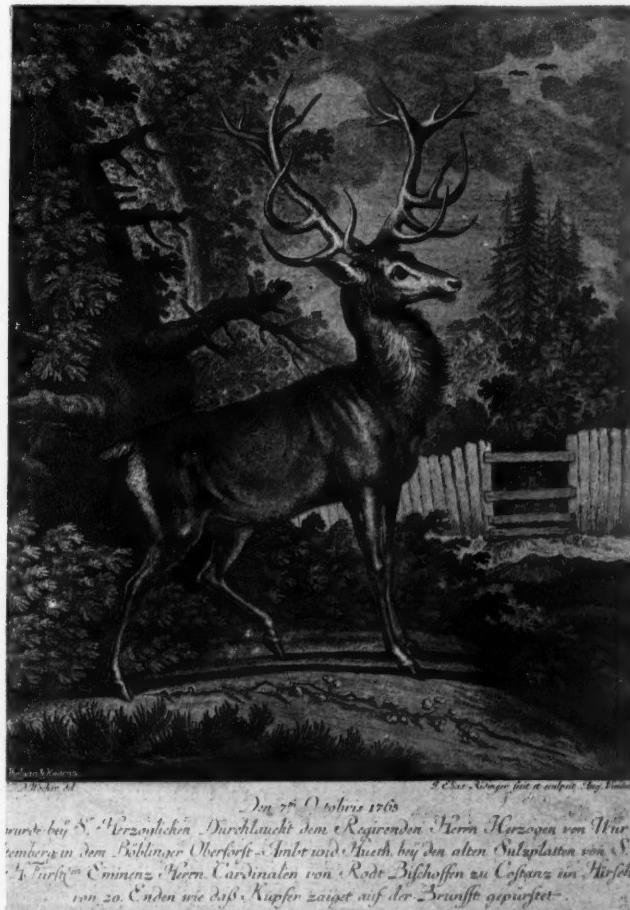
cast aside their cunning, and betray their presence by their "roar" when they come forth from their retreats in impenetrable nooks of the tangled woods to do battle and to make love. Dawn and dusk must find the hunter on the spot, for it is only then that the roaring stag can be approached. Thus it came that these old Nimrods lived in their little *Brunft-hütten*—plain little huts, erected in the wildest spots—and in these retreats they remained for the three weeks of the rut. Not only men, but also ladies, were passionately fond of this sport. Our first illustration introduces us to a great hart of fourteen points brought to book, A.D. 1737, by Duchess Mary, wife of the last cited Würtemberg sovereign. In the background we notice a fence of the kind then in use, leaving gaps for the game. Why, in the circumstances we have spoken of, fences should have been used at all, it is difficult to say, except that under rulers not so devotedly attached to sport, greater leniency was shown, and under their less cruelly selfish rule the peasants were permitted to protect their crops against the inroads of boar and deer.

But not only duchesses and princesses were passionately devoted to sport of the kind with which we are dealing; yet another class of devotee has to be added, namely, the high dignitaries of the Church. Among popes, cardinals, and

OF THE . . . CHASE.

sovereign bishops were to be found keen Nimrods. Julius II., Leo X., and their predecessor, the famous *Aeneas Silvius*, Pope Pius II., were renowned *veneris*. Equally so some of the Prince Bishops of Salzburg and of Constance. The next illustration commemorates one of the latter's feats. It represents a hart of twenty points shot during the rut by Cardinal von Rodt, Prince Bishop of Constance. His principality comprised some of the choicest deer forests in Southern Germany and numerous hunting seats, including the picturesquely-situated hunting castle of Meersburg, over-looking Lake Leman from a precipitous height, though now in a state of sad decay, was once filled with a great collection of antlers, and the vast size and fine architecture even yet betoken the regal style in which these hunting lords of the Church lived their lives and slew their stags.

The third illustration represents another victim of the same Cardinal; the eighteen-tined antlers are a fine specimen of the trophies carried by the old German race of stags. They are preserved in the museum at Constance, one of the few remnants of the famous collection which, as a result of the Vienna Congress by which these ecclesiasts were deprived of their sovereign power, was dispersed all over Europe. Unlike the preceding hart, this one was shot in what was known as a



STAG OF 20 POINTS, SHOT 1765.

Gesperrte Jagen, *i.e.*, locked drive, that is, one from which escape was practically impossible, the whole ground being surrounded by huge screens 10ft. or 12ft. high, made out of stout canvas firmly lashed to supports strong enough to withstand

the rush of the biggest stag, as we see it in the background of the illustration. These screens were drawn for many miles, as old pictures plainly show.

A word remains to be said concerning the artistic merit of the two last prints. Ridinger, the elder, was an old man in 1765, when they were executed; though the second illustration is signed J. E. Ridinger, *fecit et sculpsit*, the drawing does not come up to the master's standard. The whole pose of the stag, and somewhat faulty execution, betray the less skilled touch of



*Den 3^{ten} Octobris Anno 1765
wurde bey S^r Herzoglichen Durchlaucht dem Regierenden Herrn Herzogen von Würtemberg in einem gesuchten Jagd in dem Karlsruher Oberforst-Amt Metzingen Hirsch ein ungemein starker Hirsch von 18 Enden wie eines Kupfer zeiget von S^r H^{erz}K^{urf}Emm^{an}z den Herrn Cardinalem von Rodt Bischoffen zu Conitz geschossen.*

STAG OF 18-TINED ANTLES.

Martin, the eldest son of Ridinger, who, though he followed in his parent's particular line, was a far less gifted artist. The last print no longer sails under false colours, for it bears Martin's signature.

Many of the sovereign sportsmen whose doings Ridinger so faithfully chronicled were passionately fond of experimenting with their beloved deer to test the effect of the best of food and a tranquil existence in some vast park. The almost invariable object was to discover the best means of improving the antlers, with a view of trying such approved food on the deer living in a wild state, for large antlers was the principal consideration to that antler-worshipping class. Our fourth illustration is the portrait of a remarkable stag who bore a proud head of no fewer than thirty-two tines (counting Continental fashion), who was caught alive in the year 1762 in the Battenberg country, in the Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

The Landgrave, who occupied a throne upon which to-day his descendant, a grandson of the Queen, is seated, was a keen sportsman. He ordered the stag, which then had a head of twenty points, to be transported to his favourite hunting castle, Cranichstein. There in the *Fasanderie*, as Ridinger describes the pheasant coverts round the famous old ducal seat, the stag was turned out. The following year he set up antlers with twenty-two, then twenty-four, and in 1761 he actually grew a thirty-two-tined head. This feat he repeated in the following year, when his portrait, as we see it, was painted. That, however, was the climax, for in the following year he began to "set back," his head showing but twenty-six tines.

The Hesse-Darmstadt Landgraves were, as a rule, keen sportsmen, though the reputation of the country for heavy stags and large antlers was not as great as that of Saxony, Würtemberg, and Bavaria. For one peculiarity, however, it became widely known, *i.e.*, for its famous white stags, with a specimen of which our fifth illustration makes us acquainted. It is an interesting picture by John Elias Ridinger, though it is impossible to convey by pencil and graver the weird effect produced by a white stag flitting like a ghost through the green thickets of

Hessian forests. In the distance we see one of the prince's hunting establishments in the Jägerthal. White stags have been seen occasionally in Hessian woods since the sixteenth century, the first one of which written record has come down to us being a stag which poachers killed in 1564. One hundred and twenty years later a white red deer calf was caught alive on the Schleusingen estate, for though it was a well-known fact that quite a number of white deer frequented certain forests, all efforts to trap them had proved ineffectual. Landgrave Louis Frederic II. paid particular attention to white deer, and several of his great deer parks, for which his duchy was famous, were stocked with quite a number of them. After the death of this Landgrave the deer parks fell into decay, and Londau tells us that in 1806 only four head of white deer were left in the principal park at Aue, a vast enclosure where the late prince was wont to hunt his white favourites with hounds.

It has generally been supposed that this abnormal colouring is inherited from the stag only, and many an author on venery devoted pages upon pages to theories connected with this circumstance. But the author I have already quoted gives an instance which tends to disprove this belief. In 1807 a white stag had escaped from the deer park at Darmstadt, and became the father of a white female calf out of a hind of the ordinary colour. In 1810 this offspring became the mother of a calf of the usual colour, but from 1811 onwards for six consecutive years she produced annually a white calf, that of the year 1811 being finally shot in 1820 as a stag of fourteen points.

One reason why it was found so difficult to propagate the white breed of deer was that they fell far more easily victims to poachers than did the normal ones, for they could easily be seen at night, while the far greater value of white skins, as objects of curiosity, held out a further inducement to poaching, notwithstanding the cruel punishments—loss of a hand or branding with



STAG WITH A HEAD OF 32 TINES.

red-hot irons—which we know were frequently inflicted upon incorrigible poachers.

Our next illustration is one of Martin Ridinger's engravings. In design, rather stiff and out of drawing, it represents another historical trophy of the chase. It is a head with three antlers, two springing from one and the same burr. In the background another hunting seat of the Landgrave of Hesse is seen. In the



WHITE STAG, SHOT 1741.

legend below the picture Ridinger tells us that this stag, when hunted *par force*, i.e., with relays of hounds, by Louis VII. of Hesse, in the "Great Pheasant-coverts" of Cranichstein, jumped the park wall, which was 12ft. high, and thus escaped. The rutting season, however, sounded for him the death-knell, as it did for so many other monsters of his species. He was shot where Hesse and Erbach marched in the autumn of the same year. Few such leaps are recorded in an authoritative manner, and though it seems almost incredible that an animal should be able to top a wall almost three times his own height at the shoulder, we cannot in this instance doubt the evidence before us.

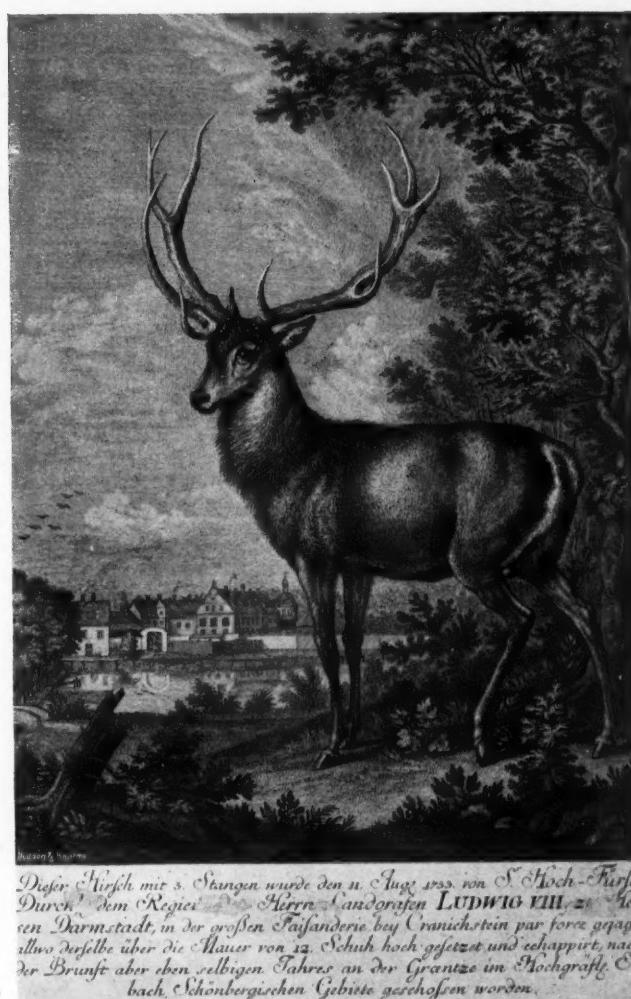
Before proceeding to examine some other Ridingers, a few words must be said about the artist himself. Born exactly two hundred years ago, Ridinger, assisted by his two sons, turned out some 1,500 copper-plate engravings and mezzo-tints. Most of these he not only designed himself, but also engraved. About two-thirds of this enormous number deal with sport, horses, dogs, and his favourite red deer. All his sporting plates are much sought by German, American, and French collectors, the mezzo-tints being far rarer than the line engravings. Of the latter many are reproduced to this day, a number of the original plates being still in existence, though, of course, no collector worth his salt would include such modern impressions in his cabinet. For the student of historical sport and natural history, to whom Ridinger's works offer an immense field for research, the modern impressions, which can be obtained for a few shillings each, serve their purpose as well as the old ones, though one recognises them 5yds. off by the paper and the blurred lines. Old Ridinger was a most conscientious artist, supplying lengthy legends to each of his pictures—they often run to hundreds of words—containing many an interesting detail or fact concerning the subject it treats. Many of his more important works have a French as well as German inscription, and are intelligible to any ordinary reader, last century's German and French being much the same as to-day's, and the numerous terms of venery that occur being known to anybody who has given the slightest attention to old sport.

In England there are as yet very few collections of Ridingers, Lord Powerscourt's being one of the few known to the writer. The British Museum is not particularly well off; many a private "common and garden" collection such as the writer's, not to mention the famous ones of the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Fürstenberg, Count Stillfried, Count Wilczek, Baron Dalberg, contain hundreds which are not to be found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, what it does possess of Ridingers is split up in two quite separate departments, each containing duplicates of the other. Thus when asking for Ridinger's works in the Print Room, where one naturally expects to find them all collected, one is shown those kept there, but one is not told, nor is there any cross-reference to inform one, that

among the books in the Reading Room, or rather in the Printed Books department, there are many more and, as a matter of fact, better ones from the Banks' bequest. This one has to find out for oneself; and when one enquires for the reason one is told that this puzzling separation arises from the fact that those in the book department are bound between covers, and are not loose as are those in the Print Room, hence are "books"—an arrangement which will bear improvement, I think.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

(To be continued.)



Dieser Hirsch mit 3. Hörnern wurde den 11. Aug. 1735 von S. Hoch-Fürstl.

Durch den Regier. Herrn Landgrafen LUDWIG XIII. zu bes-

senen Darmstadt, in der großen Faßfanderie bey Cranichstein par force gejagt,

also derselbe über die Mauer von 12. Schuh hoch gesetzt und eschappirt, nach

der Brunft aber eben selbigen Jahres an der Grenze im Hochgräf. Er-

bach Schönbergischen Gebiete geschossen worden.

J. A. Ridinger, 1735. Aug. Vindel.

STAG WITH THREE ANTLERS.

"I. G. B." . . .
A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun had sunk to rest behind the distant Mahalesberg hills, and the glorious after-glow, with its ever-changing shades and colours, would soon give place to the thousands of twinkling stars that form the constellations of the Southern Hemisphere. Taking a bee-line across the veldt in the direction of the Southern Cross, which far down upon the horizon was already beginning to show, I rode cautiously along amongst the many abandoned prospecting trenches and old shafts, monuments of numerous disappointments and heart-burnings, for the reef runs to the south of this line of country.

Except for the brilliant starlight, it was quite dark when I struck the main Johannesburg road, about two miles to the east of Krugersdorp. I had purposely avoided going through the village; people in most small places are endowed with abnormal bumps of curiosity, and the inhabitants of Krugersdorp were no exception to the rule.

Another three miles and I should be at Jack's door. Cantering swiftly along, I was within half a mile of the Golden Eagle Mine, when suddenly, as if it had sprung out of the ground, a figure stood within roods of me. In an instant my right hand had found its way into my coat pocket, where on night journeys I invariably carried my revolver. Two friends of mine had been recently murdered on this very road.

"If you do not move, I'll fire," I called out, as I whipped out my bulldog.

"Non, non, fire not," said a voice which I knew at once to be that of the little Frenchman.

"Ah! Is that you, Frenchy?" I said; "so you have done what I told you. Well, I hope Schwartz has done the same?"

"Certainement, he vill do it," said the little man. "Schwartz vill do vat he do say."

"Very good," I said; "now remember, I want you to be at the mine at eleven o'clock, not before," and giving little Punch his head, I soon left the solitary figure behind.

As I came within a hundred yards of the gold battery, which was pounding away at the quartz, I passed a small tin shanty from which a strong smell of baking was issuing. A burly form was standing in the doorway.

"Is everything ready?" I asked, as I rode slowly by.

"Allez," came the reply, in a deep guttural voice.

Passing round the back of the battery to get to the stables, I saw Jack; he was sitting near the open window, his head resting on his hand, and the light suspended above him showed me the troubled expression on his face. He looked up as he heard me approach, and a minute later, having handed my pony over to his native groom, I entered his room.

He jumped up to greet me, and a smile of pleasure lit up his honest face.

"Delighted to see you, old boy," he said. "I have just finished writing this," he continued, as he handed me a large official-looking document that lay on the table.

"Ah!" I said, as I glanced at it, and deliberately tore it into little bits before him.

"Why! what are you doing?" he said, with a surprised air.

"Sit down, old chap, fill your pipe, and keep as cool as you can whilst you listen to what I am going to tell you. Now, before I go any further, have you any money?" His face flus'ed as I asked the question.

"You see, old chap," he said, "I had such confidence in the Golden Eagle Mine that when I first came on as manager I put nearly every red cent I possessed into it, and, to be candid, I don't think I have more than four hundred pounds in the world besides the shares I possess in this property; and you know that won't keep you long when you are out of collar in this country."

"How many shares have you in the company?" I asked.

"I hold about four thousand," was his answer. "I had such confidence after inspecting the mine that I put all my South American savings into this company's scrip; the shares were then about ten shillings; they have since been to thirty, but are now, as you know, only about five, and from what I read in this morning's *Golden Age*, they are soon likely to vanish from the Johannesburg Stock Exchange list."

"Well!" I said, "will you lend me that four hundred pounds? That is to say, will you go into a spec with me, and I will put in the same amount?"

He thought for an instant; then stretching out his hand and taking mine, he said, "I'm in with you."

"Done," I replied; "then it is a bargain; and now for my story."

As I went slowly through the information I had collected, the only sign Jack gave of any emotion or excitement was by pulling more vigorously at his pipe, as if to hide his face from me behind the dense clouds of tobacco smoke.

When I had finished speaking, without uttering a word he stretched out his hand to me. I took it, and felt his iron grasp tighten; then relaxing his hold, he walked deliberately up to the wall, took down a heavy sjambok, and began trying its flexibility by twisting and bending it. Taking his old smasher hat off the table, he walked to the door and out into the little passage, and a second later he was shouting for the groom to saddle his horse. But what a different voice it was—a harsh cold ring, so unlike the cheery tones he always greeted his friends with. He re-entered the room, and stood gazing fixedly at the wall, as if in a dream. I could see he was quite unconscious of my presence.

"Jack," I said, quietly, "what are you going to do?"

He evidently did not hear me, so I repeated my question. Then a look of recognition came into his eyes; he looked at me for a second, his mouth twitched, and throwing himself into a chair, bowed his head on the table, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. The terrible mental strain he had been under for the last three months at last found relief, and I quietly pulled down the blind, and passing through the door closed it noiselessly behind me.

As I passed out into the night air, the groom was leading the horse up to the door.

"Put him back in the stable," I said to the man, "the Baas will not go to Johannesburg to-night."

Looking at my watch, I saw it was a quarter to eleven, so lighting my pipe, I strolled slowly up and down behind the back of the house. I heard Jack moving inside, and knew that he had

gone into his bedroom. Presently two figures came walking slowly towards me, and as they came nearer I could see they were bearing a bucket between them. When they came up to me, I signed for them to follow, and in this way we entered the house together. Jack was back in his general room, but not the least of emotion was now discernible.

As we entered the room, the two men uncovered their heads, grounded the bucket, and stood silently before him.

"Turn it out on the table," I said.

The burler one of the two with some difficulty lifted the iron bucket, tipped it up on the table, and with a heavy thud some solid matter, round in shape, and wrapped in a piece of coarse canvas, lay on the table before us. Jack quietly undid a corner of the canvas, then stretching out his hand, said, "Thank you, Schwartz."

The big man took his hand, then at a nod from me he, with his companion, left the room. I heard their retreating footsteps as they wended their way in the direction of the battery; a few seconds later, through the still night air, the wheels of a trap were heard rapidly driving away.

"What's that?" said Jack.

"It's all right," I replied.

Picking up the round heavy ball, Jack again deposited it in the bucket and carried it into his little bedroom adjoining the sitting-room.

Re-entering the room, he said, once more in his old gay voice, "You must shake down here to-night, and I think we must have a glass of grog, old chap." And we did.

In the morning, when the native brought in the early coffee, the usual fresh-baked roll—or semmel, as best known in Germany—did not accompany it.

"How's this?" asked Jack. "Why, you have forgotten the roll."

"Lo Missus ena ikona lapa, ena hambilli," replied the boy ("The Missus is not there; she has gone").

True, she had gone; the little shanty from which the smell of newly-made rolls had so often tickled the nostrils of the passer-by was quite empty.

The little innocent German rolls had served their purpose, there was no longer any use for them; and I knew it, for had I not Schwartz's full confession safely locked in my safe.

Waldenstein had been the greatest purchaser of these rolls; but each one he himself took away, or had had taken to his house by his dupe Schwartz, contained a little round ball consisting of six ounces of amalgam, one-third of which after retorting would be pure gold. Many and many a night had the cart travelled to Johannesburg on this errand; but, early as it arrived there, Waldenstein always answered the door himself, and took the bread in from his supposed country baker—a somewhat strange proceeding for one of the Doornfontein magnates. (Doornfontein was considered the West End of Johannesburg.) The cart was now on an almost similar journey, but for a different result.

Hardly had we finished our coffee, when Jack was all for riding in at once to Johannesburg and putting the whole matter in the hands of the police.

I managed, however, to dissuade him, telling him that I had my reasons, and that as a favour I wished nothing further to be done for the next four days.

"Well, my boy," he said, "have your own way; but it seems a queer thing to let a blackguard like Waldenstein go bail for even a single hour."

I had left instructions at the Volga Mine that in the event of my not returning that night my letters were to be brought on to me in the morning to the Golden Eagle Mine. I had anticipated Jack's willingness to join me in my scheme, and had advised my Johannesburg broker to invest £800 for me in Golden Eagle shares.

The morning post brought me the broker's note, and a letter in which he regretted that I should have invested such a large sum in a concern which everybody now looked upon as doomed. "In fact," his letter went on, "the shares were sold at panic prices yesterday; I have bought them for you at half-a-crown, and I have little doubt that by the time you receive this letter they will be down to nil. It appears that some friend of Waldenstein's has let the cat out of the bag, that the latter is selling largely, and you will see by the transfer I enclose that you are actually purchasing from Waldenstein. However, I have carried out your instructions to the letter, because, as you will recollect, on a previous occasion when I made some demur about the purchase of some shares for you, you requested me to act strictly in accordance with your instructions."

I was now the possessor of 6,400 shares in the Golden Eagle Mine.

I had seen this little game of Waldenstein's played before by others, and had a vivid recollection of one occasion when the shares of a certain gold company on the farm Luipaard's Vlei were actually "beared" by the directorate to the nominal quotation of sixpence, and then suddenly a report was started that a rich strike had been made, quantities of amalgam

having been kept back from month to month, and when added to the monthly output more than trebled it, the result being that the sixpenny shares in one week went up to thirty-seven shillings and sixpence. I remembered this, and smiled; the difference would be that, whereas the shares I was thinking of returned to sixpence, those of the Golden Eagle Mine would retain a high value for many a long year.

"Well, Jack," I said, as I passed him the letter across the table, "what do you think of that?"

"It is hardly fair play that I should take half of your shares," was his reply; "there is plenty of time for me to get some more." It was no use arguing; Jack would not take a single share; he, however, succeeded in laying out his £400 before the Waldenstein bomb burst.

Three days later I received a wire from Schwartz; it came from Durban, Natal, and ran as follows: "Placed nine hundred ounces of smelted gold in Standard Bank, Durban, to credit of John Rawlings, Manager Golden Eagle Gold Mining Company."

Schwartz and the little Frenchman had done their work nobly. As arranged by Waldenstein, they had carried the ill-gotten amalgam from his house in Johannesburg across the border into Natal. Some six miles beyond Charlestown, in a quiet, secluded spot, and under the unpretentious guise of a small farmhouse, stood the secret smelting works of Waldenstein and Co. The iniquitous trade of I. G. B. had long done a thriving business there, and there it was, as on many a previous occasion, though unaccompanied as now by his wife and the little Frenchman, that Schwartz brought the ill-gotten amalgam, and after its reduction to gold took it to Durban and placed it in the bank, though no longer to the credit of Waldenstein and Co.

On receipt of the wire from Schwartz Jack proceeded in all haste to Johannesburg in order to lay the matter before the

police authorities, but to his disgust found that Waldenstein had gone to Pretoria.

There is little more to add. In one of those unaccountable ways known alone to the Kaffir and the I. G. B. the news of his certain exposure reached Waldenstein. It is whispered that he obtained his information from the Transvaal police, and those who are acquainted with the morale of these gentry will readily understand how easy it is, with a well-filled purse, to escape the hands of justice.

Waldenstein's old confederates have also left the country, and a newspaper bearing the United States stamp informs me that Schwartz and Dupré are now selling bread, both white and brown, and fancy rolls of all descriptions, to the citizens of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Waldenstein is still wealthy, and lives in Berlin, but needless to say the Golden Eagle Gold Mining Company knows him no more as chairman. There be many Johannesburgers who in reading my story will remember and recognise him.

Golden Eagle shares are now standing at £4, and people are as anxious to get them as they were to get rid of them in the time of Waldenstein.

Jack's popularity returned tenfold, and again he was the hero of the hour, but he has changed his mode of living; for, six months after he had regained his popularity, he returned to his native village. His means are ample, and his mother, whom he idolises, lives with him; nor does he seem at all inclined to change the present state of things.

With Violet, however, it is different; our little child is by my side, for Violet and I have been married these five years. We see much of Jack, and as we sit together talking over old times in a far country, and all its good and bad, the truth of the old adage that "Good may come out of evil" comes home to me.

G. HANSBY.



The German Empire.

IN my last two articles I wrote of free shooting, but in Germany such a thing does not exist. As I am not writing for those who have, or can procure, such introductions as will lead to invitations to benefit by other people's rights, I shall speak of Germany simply as a country where shootings may be rented.

Small freeholders having no shooting rights in this country, one can only rent from those who have land enough to carry with it the right of chase (*eigene Jagd*), or from the *Gemeinde* or parish, in whom the right to sport over communal lands and small freeholds is vested. Of these two classes of shootings the former are generally the best, but they are also much the most expensive.

The big game of Germany consists of red, roe, and fallow deer, elk (in East Prussia), chamois (in Bavaria), and wild boar. The wisent, or European bison, only occurs in Germany in the private shootings of the Prince of Pless, and is rarely shot, save by crowned heads, even there. The small game is that of the British Isles, substituting the hazel grouse for his Scottish cousin. Dangerous game is only represented by the wolf (if he can be so called), which occurs in but a few places. Foxes, of course, are considered an important factor in a game bag.

In advising generally on such a question as the renting of shootings in Germany, I am much handicapped by the fact that each case should be decided by a number of special circumstances. One man has a money limit, a second a time limit, and a third a distance limit, as he must be within so many miles of London. A wants pleasant society for his wife, and B wants educational facilities for his children. One wants easy ground, another cares for nothing but hill sport; one is a lover of the "scatter gun," and another cares only for the rifle. It may, however, clear the ground if I say that, supposing a man to be content with partridge and hare shooting, with an occasional roe,

fox, or woodcock, he can go almost anywhere in Germany, and if he goes to a rather out-of-the-way place, he should get it for something like a £5 note. On page 300 of my book, "Gun, Rifle, and Hound," I have described a shoot which cost less, and which in one winter yielded twenty-seven foxes, the skins of which, at 4s. apiece, more than paid the rent. In addition to this it yielded a few roe, some cock, and a really good show of hares. The badgers were also a source of profit to the tenant.

The above was a communal shooting; private shootings, as I have already remarked, command higher rents. I shall have more to say on this point presently.

If, however, the sportsman is anxious to get bigger game, he must choose his locality with some care. Strange to say, one of the districts best worthy of consideration is also the nearest to England—I mean the Eifel Mountains. Being remote from large towns, rents are low there, and boar, wolves, and roe roam the woodlands. Red deer are found mostly (except in large private shootings) in East Prussia, Saxony, and North Baden. South Baden and Württemberg contain a good many roe, especially the latter, as the does are protected throughout the year there. Bavaria is a good country for sport, but shootings there are dear (for Germany), and seldom in the market.

The licences in Germany as to which I have any information are: Grand Duchy of Baden, £1; Kingdom of Württemberg, 12s.; Kingdom of Prussia, 1s. The last item is so ridiculously low that one can hardly believe it; but that certainly was the charge in the Rhine Provinces seven years ago—a contrast to the neighbouring Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, where the Britisher had to pay no less than £4 for far inferior sport.

Now as to the two classes of rented shootings, and my remarks on this subject apply equally to Austria. Money being an object, the communal shooting would be the one I should recommend the reader to go in for, but for the drawbacks I must point out. These shootings are put up to auction, or rather a lease of them, usually for six years, and knocked down to the

highest bidder. Now the first difficulty is to know when they are going to fall vacant. The best, and the highest priced, of them are generally advertised in the sporting papers, such as the *Weidmann*, of Dresden, the *Forst und Jagd Zeitung*, of Vienna, and the *Weidmannsheil*, of Klagenfurt, but the bulk of them are only mentioned in the local papers. However, with the help of a big advertising firm this might be got over.

The second drawback is this: In all the communal shootings which I know the lease contains no clause as to leaving a fair head of game (or any at all) at the end of the tenure, so it is useless to expect any sport during the first couple of years, unless, indeed, the shoot happens to "march" with highly-preserved private land, in which case you may expect keen competition with the owner thereof.

The third drawback lies in the question of *wildschaden*, or damage done by game, for which compensation can be legally enforced. You cannot contract out of this when your landlord (so to say)

is a commune, and the peasant mind in all lands induces him to try and "have" the stranger; so that the mere fact that no claim for damage has ever been previously made will not really guarantee one. Could an impartial investigation be guaranteed, one would not have much to fear, for lands such as these, subject to daily disturbance by workpeople, leaf-gatherers, and others, will certainly never carry so large a head of game, especially of deer and hares, as private woods, where they are practically never alarmed except when shooting is actually going on.

Another point is that of keepers. To put on one's own is an expense, sometimes unavoidable. Generally, however, it is arranged that the local *Waldhüter*, or wood-ward, shall act as keeper to the communal shooting. This of course is a lottery, but the best thing is to tell him that you will pay him a fixed sum for every head of small game killed, and a considerably larger fixed sum for every deer or pig. This seems to me the best possible arrangement a stranger can make to gain the effective goodwill of a keeper not actually his own servant.

Private shootings call for no remark that would not apply to England, except that, as they are not often let, it is difficult to get a reference to a previous tenant. In every case the landlord should, by legal covenant, take all responsibility for *wildschaden*. Many continental land-owners have exaggerated ideas of what Englishmen will pay for shooting. Not long ago I saw a shooting advertised at £1,000 a year—not more than 100 head of big game to be killed. Now £1,000 will rent a very good Highland forest, and Scottish stags, if carrying smaller heads, give much finer sport than German ones. German and Austrian deer are all woodland animals, and can only be stalked at all in the rutting season, when their roaring aids the stalker. The only thing this shooting did offer that



RED DEER.

Scotland could not were mouflon, and the odds are, that of the "hundred head of big game" more than half would have been roe.

This, however, is an extreme case, and few shootings, either in Germany or Austria, except those which are practically never in the market, are valued at over £100. For this price a small shooting (including a keeper) may be rented privately, but, as I have already pointed out, communal shootings run much lower. In this latter case, however, a man will do better if resident.

The cost of travelling to one's shoot may vary very much, as anyone who realises the distance from Alsace to Poland must understand; but if economy is an object, a £5 note will take one to most parts of the empire comfortably enough, or, say, half as much again for a two months' return ticket.

The battery I recommend for Germany is a .400 "Snaffle" rifle (single if economy is an object), and a double gun of the sportsman's favourite bore. The latter should shoot ball—a shot and ball gun is in itself no bad battery, but having no rifle one loses the chance of any stalking, even if it is only the picking off of roe bucks in the summer evenings.

There is one other way of getting shooting in Germany, to which, with the questions of dogs and dress, I will refer at the end of my remarks on

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

This empire, or, to speak quite correctly, this empire and kingdom, is more essentially a big game country than the German Empire. The game list is practically the same, I admit, reading for the elk the maral (*Cervus maral*), to which family of the red deer group Carpathian stags are now admitted to belong, and adding the bear, which, however, is only to be called common now in Transylvania. Occasionally, but very rarely, bears still occur in the Alps. I recollect the death of three or four within the last decade.

By the sportsman Austro-Hungary, with its numerous provinces, can best be divided into four principal divisions—the Alpine provinces, the Danubian plains, the Carpathian district, and Dalmatia, which though to a certain extent an Alpine province, stands apart, *inter alia*, in being the only Austrian country where shooting is free. For this reason I will take it first.

To shoot in this kingdom all that anybody need have is a gun licence (*porto d'armi*), cost 1s. 8d. Possessing this, he can go where he likes. The game list is made up of a very few roe, jackals, foxes, hares, partridges, stonehens, wildfowl of all sorts, and snipe. In addition to this there are plenty of woodcock and quail at the times of their passage northwards and south-



THE CHALLENGE.

wards. Chamois I do not believe exist in the Dinaric Alps, the few said to be killed there being really poached across the Bosnia frontier, but bears might occur there.

The only good shooting in Dalmatia is stonehens (P. Græca) and hares, with the chance of a roe in the Biokovo Range, south of Spalatro, and wildfowl and snipe in the Vrana marshes, near Zara, and the Narenta marshes, near Metkovic. This last is said to be the case at Castel San Andreis, near Sebenico, but I, personally, never went there. A collapsible canoe would be a useful thing to take, but a camp-bed and blankets are indispensable.

There are no inns except in the larger towns, and the accommodation at the priest's or the village headman's houses may be expected to be *lively*. A shot gun only is necessary, but a retrieving pointer would much increase the bag. Living is very cheap, and a native who knows where to find game can be retained for 1s. 8d. a day. Do not go elsewhere than to the places I name, it will only be waste of time—I mean, of course, for shooting.

A second-class return ticket to Trieste costs £10 5s., and thence one is quickly conveyed to either of the four towns I have named by the excellent and inexpensive steamers of the Austrian Lloyd Company. Although Dalmatia is not to be compared with many other Austrian provinces as far as shooting is concerned, we must remember that nowhere else in the country is the shooting *free*. For this reason I do not hesitate to recommend it to anyone wanting a cheap shoot, say for a Christmas holiday. Three days lands one in the country, and the whole thing can be done for a "pony." Of course no one will leave Dalmatia without visiting Ragusa, where, by the way, there is also some stonehen shooting. One's kit should be sent on by Cunard steamer to Trieste beforehand; but cartridges must either be bought there or divided in one's hand luggage—in plain English, smuggled. This is the only difficulty sportsmen find in going to Austria. A permit can be obtained, but it would be troublesome. I now come to

THE ALPINE PROVINCES.

Under this heading the Tyrol with Vorarlberg, Carinthia, Styria, Upper Austria, Carniola, and Istria may be conveniently grouped. All, especially the

first four, are excellent shooting countries, more particularly for the young and active. The big game consist of deer, chamois, and roe. Most of the country is strictly preserved, and rents are high for the Continent. Communal shootings can be had, and chamois killed on them, even an occasional stag, but, of course, big bags could not be expected under such circumstances.

The small game of the mountain districts of the Alpine Provinces consists principally of capercailzie (hardly small game!), black game, ptarmigan, hazel grouse, stonehens, and hares. The only drawback to this part of the world is that it has been pretty well worked by Englishmen for a good many years, and real bargains in the way of a shooting are hard to find.

THE DANUBIAN PLAINS.

Under this designation Moravia, Lower Austria, Croatia, Slavonia, and Hungary naturally come, and for convenience I include Galicia and Bohemia with them. Of course, these countries are not all plains, but as a rule they are (Galicia, by the way, is separated from the rest by the Carpathians). Their game list is therefore made up principally of such game as lives on plains, and consists of deer, red and roe, pheasants, partridges, bustards, water-fowl, hares, and rabbits. Of all these countries I would especially draw the attention of intending shooting tenants to Bohemia, which, I need hardly say, is not a plain country at all north of Prague, the part I mean. Northern Bohemia is a lovely woodland country, well stocked with

stags and roe, as well as smaller game. It is also about the cheapest country in Europe to live in, and were I not too great a wanderer I know no place where I would sooner pitch my tent.

The battery recommended by me for the named countries and for the Alpine Provinces is a .400 "Snaffle" rifle and a double gun.

The last district of which I have to speak in this great empire is that of

THE CARPATHIANS.

These mountains, which begin at the very north of Hungary, divide it from Galicia, and then including almost all Transylvania, or Siebenbergen as the Germans call it, sweep round that province to almost meet the Danube at the Iron Gates. Europe knows no more glorious game country than this. The red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) and the maral (*Cervus maral*), with horns 4ft. long and over, range the great pine forests, and no one can say definitely where the boundary line between them is. Chamois and roe are of great size and have splendid heads, and there are mouflon of recent introduction. It is even said that on the Roumanian side the bison may still exist.

Be this as it may, bear, boar, wolf, and lynx are common, yet there is no lack of small game. To rent shooting in the Carpathians is difficult, much of the country belonging to great land-owners, by whom it is freely placed at the stranger's disposition. The plan I am about to mention will possibly be found the best here, and wherever else in Germany or Austria big game shooting is an object. The sportsman who shoots in the Carpathians may expect at any time to see bear or boar, therefore a single rifle is not to be recommended, but he will find the "Snaffle" bullet, well

applied, an effective stopper for either, much more so than the ordinary .500 express, which is not dependable for such animals.

Now for the last manner of obtaining shooting in Germany and Austria. In the sporting papers of these countries one often sees advertisements for the shooting (*abschuss*) of two or three stags, roe, or even cock capercailzie. Supposing, then, an Englishman desirous of putting in a short visit to any district, say for

stalkin in October or for boar at Christmas, all he need do is to get one of the great German advertising firms to translate and insert in the local papers of the district some such advertisement as this: "Wanted, the shooting" (*abschuss*) "of three stags and three roebucks on payment. State terms to X., care of Messrs. Y. Z., Vienna." Being careful to give no hint till the terms are named that the advertiser is an Englishman, they will not be found extortionate.

There is another plan, too, and that is to be elected a member of a *Jagdverein*, or shooting club, which rents shootings. Personally I like to be my own master in these matters, but this is worth mentioning, as others may not have this feeling, and it is not an expensive way of getting shooting. Introductions might be necessary in default of previous residence in the place.

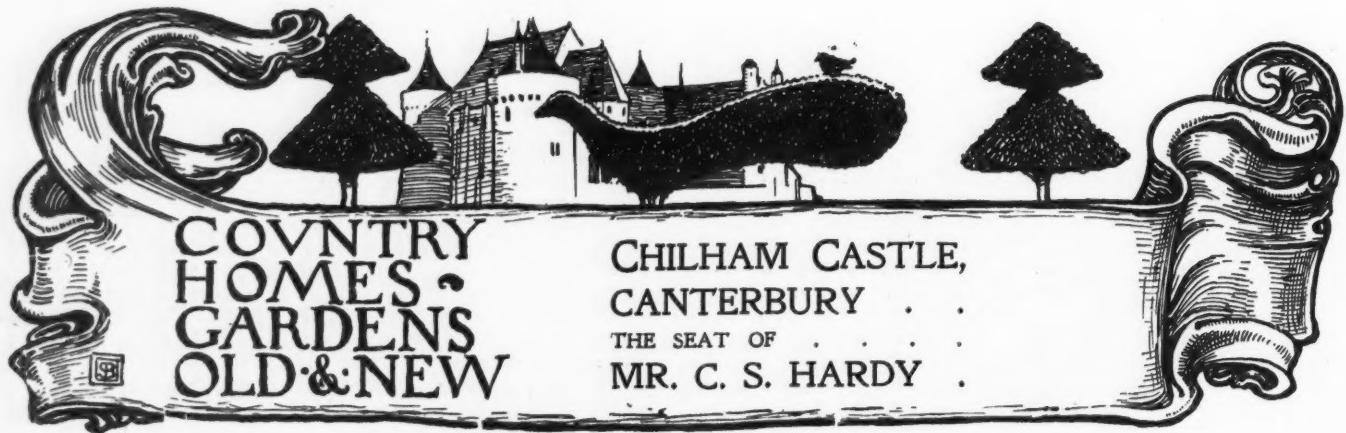
As regards dogs, the best for Germany and Austria are retrieving pointers or setters, and dachshunds. Both can be cheaply and well obtained locally. I may remark that German dogs speak French, so to say, and one must say *Apportez* for "Fetch it," *Allez* for "Go on," etc.

Dress in these countries calls for little remark. The beginning of the shooting season is often very hot, so one wants something porous, so to say, and yet thorn and weather-proof. The best thing I have ever seen is a cloth called "Fobro," made in Somersetshire, and as it blends with almost any background it is splendid for stalking.

SNAFFLE.



PART OF A BAG.



WE stand certainly upon historic ground when we pass through the cherry orchard country, by green lanes bordered by hop gardens, and mount the hill to Chilham. Before Canterbury Cathedral itself was founded, if credible historians be believed, there was a great dweller at the *castrum* in the person of Lucius, the Brito-Roman king, who was converted to Christianity in A.D. 181, and whose relics are now preserved in the church of Coire in the Grisons. Those are half-legendary times, it is true, but we reach a solid ground of fact when we find the Norman Fulbert, defender of Dover, receiving Chilham as his guerdon. His latest descendant, Isabel, Countess of Athole, died in 1292, and Chilham Castle came then successively to the great houses of Badlesmere and Cheyney. Early in the seventeenth century it passed to Sir Dudley Digges, who built the existing house close by the grey walls of the frowning fortress. The strong defences had been broken down, and the stonework of the castle was pillaged for building operations, so that it is now but a picturesque, ivy-grown ruin, with a fine octagonal keep, lending character and distinction to its younger neighbour, which was restored and beautified by the father of the present owner. The situation is very fine, and commands a wide and beautiful view of the peaceful valley of

the Stour, with fields, orchards, and hop gardens stretching as far as the eye can reach, the river flowing onward towards Canterbury in the midst, and the towers of Wye and Ashford rising conspicuously in the landscape.

The approach to the castle is most attractive. There is the church in the picturesque old village, one of those sacred edifices which have been seized upon for the illustration of the high qualities of the great. Here are strange monuments of the house of Digges: in the centre of the chancel an obelisk with certain of the cardinal virtues grouped about its base—Temperance and Fortitude, much observed by the curious—and a pillar to the memory of Lady Digges, “in imitation of that set up by Jacob over Rachel.” The curious fate overtook the north chancel of being converted into what was regarded as a resemblance to a Roman columbarium, but good taste has removed this disfigurement, and the chancel has been restored to correspond with the rest of the edifice. There is also a monument by Chantrey to the late Mr. T. Wildman, of Chilham Castle. Between the churchyard and the entrance to the park lies the village green, which is singularly quaint, the ancient timbered houses making a delightful old-world scene. Ghilham, in fact, is one of the prettiest villages in Kent, and is



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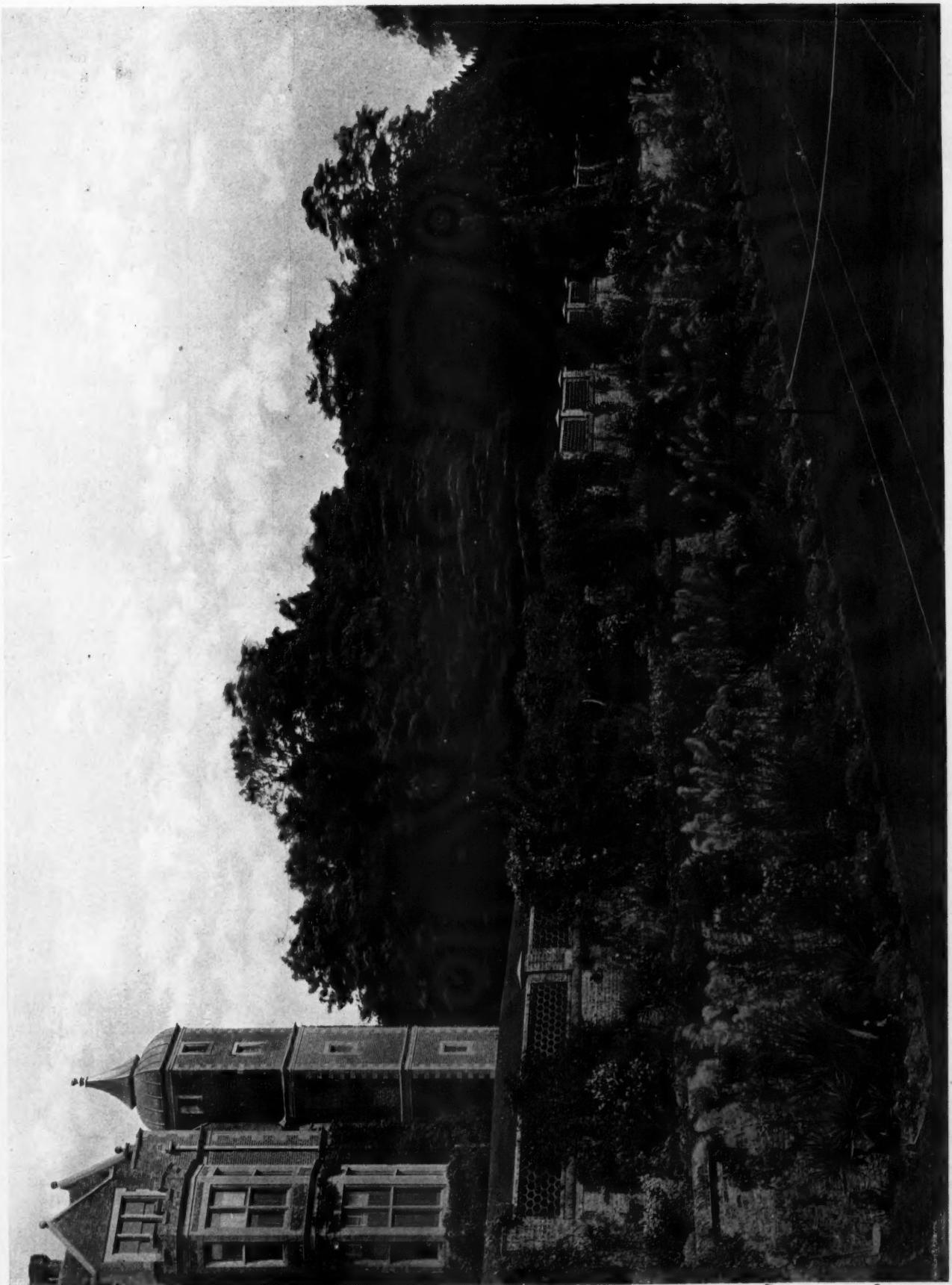
THE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”

March 25th, 1899.]

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDEN'S OLD AND NEW.—CHILHAM CASTLE: THE TERRACES.

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dear to the sketching artist.

The way to the castle is upward through the park, which is diversified by fine old timber, with many a spreading chestnut tree. It is a charming country, indeed, filled with the quiet and peaceful beauty which distinguishes that part of Kent, and the fortified pile and Jacobean house occupy a commanding position on the hill. The character of the ground has dictated that of the gardens, which are very fine and noteworthy in their features, and there are successive terraces upon the steep, breaking up the pleasure grounds most attractively.

Those very quaintly-clipped spiral yews on the lower terrace stand like a row of sentinels, as if to guard the place, and certainly in the November moonlight, with dark clouds driving across the sky, they must assume a somewhat fearsome aspect. But we are looking over the beautiful landscape of which they are in the foreground on a day of sunshine, with cloud shadows chasing one another over the woods and orchards by the winding Stour.

Naturally the visitor to Chilham is bidden first to look at the castle of the older time, though that cannot be described here. The dark dungeon at the base of the keep remained filled up for



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NATURE AND ART.

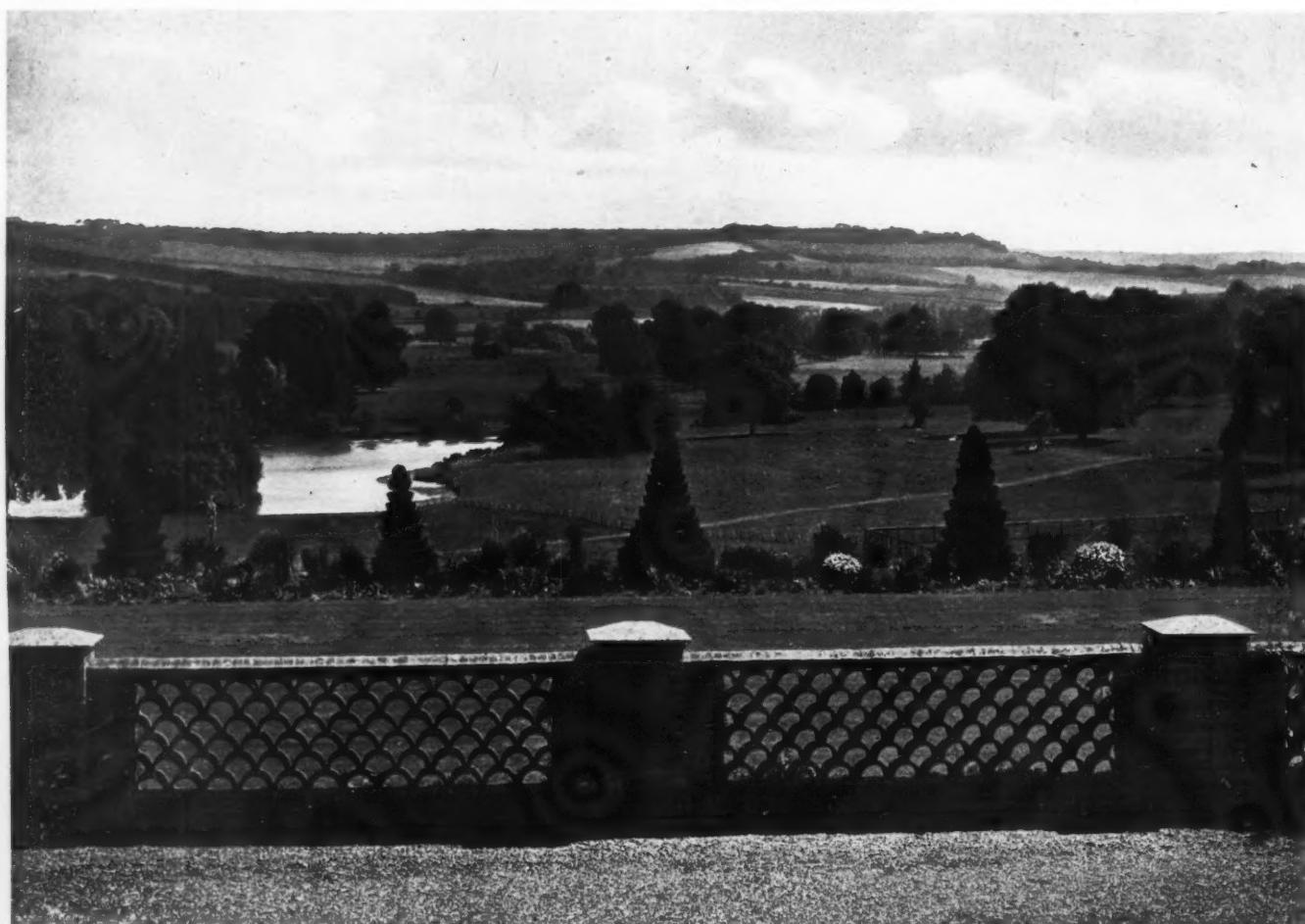
"COUNTRY LIFE."

centuries, but a few years ago was excavated, disclosing the massive character of the construction. Now, in the dungeon, where the vivid ear of the imagination recalls the obtrusions and groans of the captive, it is pleasant to find that the fruits of the garden are stored, and gratifying to observe that this historic spot is not only preserved with reverence, but appropriately adorned in its surroundings.

The gardens are very beautiful. Notwithstanding the terraced formation and the clipped yews, there is little that is really formal about them. The

terraces have indeed been well used, their walls being beautified with shrubby plants and creepers, and the borders skirting them filled with *Arundo conspicua*, the white plume-like grass, and radiant with many other hardy perennial flowers. Such borders lining terraces, if well managed, are always satisfactory, and in one instance, the lower terrace garden at Chilham, we find well-kept turf, creeping up to glorious masses of hardy flowers, which are set off by those quaintly-clipped and tapering yews.

Several acres of pleasure grounds are the adornment of the place, with the park, notable for a walnut and sweet chestnut avenue, and for fine specimen conifers, evergreen oaks, and



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VIEW FROM THE TERRACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

other trees. But no feature is more charming than the wide herbaceous or mixed borders. Each of the Chilham borders is no less than 300ft. long by 9ft. wide, and it will readily be understood how bold and imposing these are when we say that they are backed by a wall 10ft. high, covered with the more tender shrubs, such as ceanothuses, and those beautiful climbers, the rose, clematis, and jasmine.

Flowers, indeed, are everywhere at Chilham Castle, and from January to December there is always something to be seen month by month, even each week possessing its special flower.

The hardy flowers have encroached upon the kitchen garden, for here there is to be seen a remarkable rose border no less than 495ft. long and 16ft. wide, in which, at the time of our visit, there were some hundreds of standards, a glorious sight indeed, from the vigorous dwarf roses, the delicately-coloured tea-scented, the gay ever-flowering China kinds, and those bowery masses of standards, around which cluster pinks and carnations in abundance. Chilham, with its old castle keep and Jacobean house, its beautiful views and bright gardens, is indeed a pleasant spot in the beautiful county of Kent.

THE BIRD OF MARCH.

THE heron is as emphatically the bird of March as the swallow is the bird of summer. Though not a migrant, it is then—in the blustering winds and cold light days that come before the spring—that the herons are first seen moving by day, instead of being heard only, and that after dark, as voices of the night. They have become, by long persecution, almost as nocturnal as the night-feeding ducks, and it is not till the time of pairing, house-building, and rearing the young that they abandon for a time this concealment, and appear abroad at all hours. Those that we see fishing or flying in the sunlight in August and September are nearly always YOUNG BIRDS OF THE YEAR, which have not yet learnt the nocturnal habit, or rather have not become exclusively addicted to this kind of life.

It is quite possible that during the next twenty years we shall see a change in the habits of herons, due to the protection which they now so largely enjoy. In any case the effect of this will be watched with interest. There are two reasons which induce birds or animals to become nocturnal. One is the fear of their enemies, especially of man, concerning whose bedtime they have very accurate ideas, and they time their appearance strictly by the hour at which they expect him to retire indoors, that being his "bedtime" from the practical point of view. They also seem perfectly aware that if a man is abroad in the dark he cannot see them or hurt them, and, though they can see him well enough, will remain within a very short distance of him. The second motive for night wanderings and daylight sleep is that they may follow their prey which is trying to avail itself of the protection of darkness. This accounts for the nocturnal ways of the owls and of the nightjars, though the main prey of the latter, the night-flying moths, are abroad at that hour, not because they seek safety, but because the favourite flowers on which they feed—the white campion, for instance—are only open at night. If the herons are nocturnal to seek safety for themselves, there is every reason to think that they will discontinue the habit when no longer shot at or molested by day. If it is because they are able to find food more easily by night, then they will remain lovers of darkness. There is no doubt that fish are less wary and approach nearer to shore and shallow water in darkness than by day, and that frogs and rats, on both of which heron feed, are more easily obtained then. But there is such an abundance of "fry" of all kinds available for herons' food in most rivers that it is very doubtful whether the herons need fish by night. It is noticed also that on the large areas of marsh near heronries which are well preserved and kept absolutely quiet herons are about all day. It is only when making forays into dangerous neighbourhoods further afield that they seek the cover of darkness. Then they seem almost careless as to where they go. The writer has heard them flying by night over London, Oxford, Bristol, Bournemouth, Norwich, and even over Sheffield. They will



R. B. Lodge. NESTS IN THE OAK TOPS.

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drop into any piece of ornamental water and fish, leaving before daylight; and on the London Thames they have during the last few years extended their midnight fishings as low as Ranelagh.

All round London there has been a steady increase of these birds, keeping pace with the extension of protection by law and the general increase of fish in the Thames and the stocking of private lakes. This is in great part the reason for the increase, for of our resident inland birds the heron and the kingfisher are almost the only members which live almost entirely by fishing. The former cannot swallow anything unless wetted, and if given a small bird, the heron will saturate it at once by paddling the body in the water.

There was in the days of Henry VIII. a herony in the park of the Bishop's Palace at Fulham. Spoonbills, now only rare visitors to our shores, also had a colony there, according to Mr. W. H. Hudson. At present the two main colonies of London herons are at the eastern and western extremities of Greater London. Wanstead Park, near Epping Forest, has a combined herony and rookery on an island, and though the young rooks are regularly shot in May, the herons do not forsake the place. Perhaps, as Mr. Hudson suggests, they know that the rooks are the object of the shooters and do not object to their being killed off, as war between rooks and herons, though not waged at Wanstead, often breaks out elsewhere. There are usually about fifty nests in this eastern colony, whose ancient feeding ground was in the Hackney Marshes, and, as in the case of the western birds, along the Thames.

The Richmond colony is increasing, but has not yet arrived at half the number of those on the Essex side. Our illustrations show the nests, built mainly in oaks, on the high hill towards Kingston. NESTS IN THE OAK TOPS shows the site of some of these viewed from a neighbouring tree.

A scene taken rather later in the year shows the interior of THE RICHMOND HERONY with a glade in the centre and gleaming silver birch stems, and on either side twin oaks, one dead and deserted, the other living and adorned with three herons' nests. Above it soars one of the birds. By the first week in April the young are often hatched, but as a rule it is not till the middle of the month that their chattering cry for food is heard.

During May one may see the old birds WATCHING FOR FISH at the head of Penn Ponds early in the morning and



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. A YOUNG BIRD OF THE YEAR.

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E. B. Lodge. THE RICHMOND HERONY. Copyright

at sundown, though during the day they keep mainly to the wood. As showing what very different places herons may frequent, we give an example of a nest of YOUNG HERONS IN THE HEBRIDES. These were hatched at Calagary, in the Island of Mull. The nest, as will be seen, is made of quantities of larch twigs, which the birds must have broken off, as the leafage is that of the year, with small dead sticks in the centre on which the fledgling herons lie. At Arnamurchan Point, on the mainland side of the Sound, is one of the largest heronries in Scotland. The nests are built in the cliff among rocks, ivy, and shrubs.

One possible result of the preservation of herons is the chance that heron-hawking will be revived. This was almost the prettiest of English sports, and it had the enormous advantage that no one could call it cruel. After the splendid flight into the clouds, when the falcons did succeed in binding to the heron they all three came down like a parachute. The riders then galloped up, and found the heron and falcons all gripped together on the ground. But the heron was not in the least hurt, except, perhaps, for a prick of the falcons' claws. It was the regular custom at the Didlington Hawking Club, in Norfolk, to release the heron and put on his leg a little slip saying when

he (it was usually a cock bird) had been taken. This accidentally showed the great age to which herons live, and that they yearly revisit the same breeding-places. In 1844 a heron on its way to the Didlington herony was taken by Mr. Newcome's hawks near Hockwold, bearing a label with the inscription, "Colonel Wilson, Didlington, 1829." This proved that the bird had been caught there by the hawks fifteen years before. Mr. Newcome took the same bird with his hawks two years running. Mr. Stevenson, the author of the "Birds of Norfolk," says that herons hatch two broods in the year. This, like most remarks of that good naturalist, is probably correct, but herons seem very irregular in their breeding habits after the first clutch of eggs is laid. Sometimes they drop eggs among the first set of young birds, these eggs hatching or not promiscuously, according to the degree of incubation they get from the young birds. We incline



G. R. Quatremain. WATCHING FOR FISH. Copyright

to think that as hawking is steadily becoming more popular, and country people are more educated, and, above all, are almost prohibited from carrying guns in the spring, when heron-hawking was carried on, the sport will be revived. It is really an ideal amusement, not cruel, but picturesque, and a trial of speed on the wing between two especially fine and interesting birds.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. YOUNG HERONS IN THE HEBRIDES. Copyright

East Coast Punting.

"LOW water at 3.40, and with the wind in its present quarter we ought to make a respectable bag this evening," my brother remarked, as we stood watching the giddy race of the leaden-coloured waters rushing towards the sea, it being three-quarters of an hour before the bottom of the ebb. "We'd better get everything into the punt, so as to be on the flats in good time." We put on board the guns—two 12-bores and a 10-bore—a waterproof bag containing the cartridges, which were oaded with fives and fours, a pair of field-glasses, and the mud patters, for to attempt to walk on the ooze without these would not only be impossible but very dangerous. The remainder of our tackle consisted of a couple of towels, which were likely to add much comfort in drying wet hands, splashed guns, etc. We got on board, and after hoisting our small "leg-of-mutton" sail head to wind we swung round with the current, and "jibing" over, soon began to feel the punt sprawling along at a pace that made the wash behind rise within half an inch of the "aft" deck. Some ten minutes of this brought us out of the river to where the ooze begins, and we heard the first sound of that peculiar crackling noise which the ooze emits as the ebbing waters run off it. "We'd better load up," I suggest, and my brother is in the

act of pushing the cartridges into the chamber of his gun, when from in front we hear the clear and quickly-repeated whistle of a whimbrel, and the next instant I hear the click as his "sae" goes up and a couple of cartridges are fired, with the result that a whimbrel comes tumbling down with a regular splash into the water. "Quick! lower down, or we shall be half a mile off him before we can stop." Having let go the sheet and halliards, down comes the sail, and, of course, out of pure cussedness, gets wet. Those who have experienced the misery of stowing a wet sail amongst things that should be kept as dry as possible will agree that it is one of the most distressing of misfortunes that can happen. By this time the sail is stowed, and the punt is being pulled against a racing current; but our whimbrel is coming along with it, and in another moment is in the punt. We now settle down to business, and once more going with the ebb, we soon find ourselves at the mouth of one of the many smaller rivers, or "runs" as they are called. Having pulled up about a quarter of a mile, we tie on to an old stake, and get down as low in the punt as possible, the high banks of ooze rising on each side and completely hiding us from view. On all sides can be heard the call of flocks of ring-plover, dunlin, and other small waders, with an occasional call of a curlew or whimbrel. To anyone who takes a naturalist's as well as a sportsman's view of all this bird life and the surroundings, the pleasure of lying low and almost invisible amidst the desolate waste of ooze, watching the ceaseless running to and fro of the waders as they greedily feed on the green patches of samphire already beginning to dry off, is almost indescribable. But, "look out," cries my brother, as seven curlew come straight to us, turning and twisting as they almost light on a tempting patch; but they are on us now, and suddenly getting into a sitting position, none too easy to shoot from, I manage to pull down a couple, and almost at the same instant I hear a dull "splosh" as my brother's bird comes thumping on to the ooze. Luckily all are stone dead, so we leave them to be gathered later on. We quickly load, and in a few minutes a clear and rather mournful whistle down wind proclaims that a solitary greenshank is somewhere in the neighbourhood, although quite invisible; but with the aid of my "picco pipe" (a small wooden whistle about 3in. in length, having two stop-holes above and one underneath, a most useful instrument for calling curlew, whimbrel, golden plover, and, in fact, all the waders that will answer a call) he is suddenly seen coming from a great height to the call with wings half closed. He tries to sheer off too late, for down he comes into the water a few yards from the punt, stopped by a charge of fives, and, as he floats past on the almost slack tide, is picked up and laid on board. He is worth making into a skin for the cabinet, so the shot-hole in his breast, his beak, and nostrils are carefully plugged with wool, and he is laid in an old cartridge-box kept on board for the purpose. An interesting fact may be here mentioned—that a bird, no matter of what kind, if it is being decoyed by a "call," unless it is in a direct line down wind, will never turn aside to the call,

however skilfully executed. This may be from the fact that it is less audible coming athwart the wind. There seems to be a slackness for a short time, the fowl being busy with feeding operations, so I get out the pattens, and, after lacing them on, start paddling along to gather in our curlew. I have retrieved the last bird, and am making my way back to the punt, when three teal come at a headlong pace past us. Quick as thought my brother has fired the 10-bore, but without success, for shooting up some 50yds. they go off at a racing pace to the low-lying marshes near the coast. On arrival at the punt, the mop is produced and the ooze is washed off the pattens. The tide is making up now, so slipping the "painter," we drift up the channel, keeping as low as possible. As we come round a bend, we surprise an old cormorant who has found his way in from the sea, but like a flash he has slipped under, and comes up 100yds. away. We drift on, and are soon rewarded by a couple of redshanks getting up, both of which my brother brings to ooze. Once again I put on the pattens, and soon have the shanks lying with the rest of the bag.

"What are those dark-looking birds slowly moving about 200yds. off?" With the help of the glasses I soon discover them to be duck, probably widgeon; so getting out the sculling paddle, I increase the speed of the punt, till she is going about three times the pace of the flooding tide. A few minutes more and they have "spotted" us, for up they go, although two of their number soon come down again, persuaded to do so by the 10-bore. One is a runner, and goes off at his best pace, and owing to a very soft piece of ooze we are unable to follow. However, we mark him down as nearly as possible, and after picking up the other widgeon we still drift on the tide, which has begun to cover the flats. The fowl are getting restless now, and are flying from one place to another as the flooding tide covers their feeding grounds. "Here comes a curlew!" but he is out of shot. Scarcely has he passed when several come, and one a little nearer than the rest is brought to bag. By this time there is a general rushing of waters on all sides as the flats are quickly covered, and we turn the punt to go in search of our lost widgeon. We have not gone far when the glasses show a small object bobbing about on the troubled waters, and sure enough it is our bird, and glad we are to find it. Darkness is drawing on, so we decide to make for home, and getting out the paddles we settle down for a couple of miles pull. We have been on our homeward journey about a quarter of an hour when from behind us an old mallard comes right over, and in easy shot. I wait for him, and just as he is broadside on I give him my left, which stops his career, and adds another and much-prized fowl to the bag. Sport of this kind is not only one of the most fascinating, but owing to the variety of the bag (which often is conspicuous by its absence) one is always kept in a state of expectancy, and this fascination is greatly increased by a knowledge of the many fowl which go to swell the grand total at the end of a successful season.

ASTUR.



ASSUMING that by now the amateur poultry-breeder has followed out the directions given in the former articles on the management and selection of his birds, and that his hens have begun to lay regularly, it will be necessary for him to consider the question of raising the chickens he may require. No doubt in many, if not most, of the older-established poultry-yards it is the custom to set eggs far earlier in the year than March, but for ordinary purposes the chicks hatched this month are usually the best of the season, as they have not to contend against the frost and cold of an early English winter. Still, when birds are required

for supplying the market with spring chickens, or for exhibition at summer shows, it is necessary for the poultry-breeder to make an early commencement, and so many an egg is chipped before December is over, though no chickens hatched before the 31st of that month are eligible for competition in the young bird classes during the succeeding season.

It is, however, unnecessary to enlarge further upon this portion of the subject, as be the season what it may, there is a great similarity in the methods of poultry-breeders, the first point that has to be decided being whether hens or incubators, or both, shall be utilised for



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE DOMESTIC HEN.

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[March 25th, 1899.]

hatching purposes. Should incubators be used, the attendant on the eggs will have to reconcile himself to a course of strict attention to his duties, for whether the machines are worked by gas or oil, the eggs will, under the very happiest of circumstances, require to be turned and attended to regularly, whilst in the case of lamps the wicks must be carefully trimmed and the oil chamber replenished. Then, too, the peculiarities of each make of incubator will have to be studied, and the danger of fire will also have to be guarded against; the necessity for taking precautions in this quarter having quite recently been rendered evident by the fire which occurred in a well-known lady poultry-breeder's loft, the result being the destruction of her stock of valuable birds. In offering this warning the writer has no desire to minimise the great value of incubators, his only object being to spare his readers any possible losses in the future; and therefore it is necessary that all dangers should be pointed out, in order that they may be guarded against. All the best incubators are provided with a regulator for controlling the temperature of the machines, so the old risk that used to exist of having one's chickens roasted in their shells is pretty well obviated, though it should always be remembered that machines are liable to get out of order; and therefore let it be repeated that the careful attendant assumes nothing, but satisfies himself by a strict daily inspection that all is working properly. Regarding the various makes and designs of incubators little may be said, as the properly-constructed ones are all serviceable machines, whilst those constructed on wrong principles can never be anything but a source of trouble and vexation to their owners. The great principle before the constructor of an incubator is to ensure a steady temperature of the desired height, and that the machine should be properly ventilated. The science of hatching eggs by artificial means was known to the Egyptians thousands

of years ago, the necessary warmth being procured by surrounding the cases containing the eggs with horse manure, and this system, slightly improved, was in use in England within the present century; so that timid poultry-keepers need not fear that by using an incubator they are advancing too recklessly upon the path of progress. In cases where THE DOMESTIC HEN is employed for the purposes of incubation, it is best to procure a setting-box, illustrated in a former article, and, having lined the bottom with straw—hay is a bad substance to make a nest of, as it tramples down and becomes brittle—to shut her up in it upon a china egg or two for a day to satisfy oneself that the bird is likely to sit close. Then the artificial eggs may be removed—the evening, after it is dark, is the best time to do this—and the real eggs gently placed under her. There is no "correct number" for sittings of eggs, but thirteen is usually the one chosen, though in winter better results will usually succeed a reduction to nine or ten; all, however, depends upon the respective sizes of the hen and eggs. Sitting hens only require to be fed once a day, and it is better that they should be removed in the morning if they do not come off their nests of their own accord when the door is opened. A box containing dry dust for them to roll in should be within their reach, as the nest is liable to be attacked by parasites, which worry the hens, and a vessel of fresh water should be near. The only food the hen will now require is dry, hard grain, barley or wheat for preference, and after she has been off her eggs for ten or twelve minutes she should be induced to return and the door shut. It may here be observed that a plain box, such as that illustrated in a former paper on "Profitable Poultry," is far preferable to any wicker-work arrangement for the nest, as the latter does not adapt itself to the purposes of disinfection so well as wood, and all nests are more or less affected by parasites. The illustration of the chickens JUST HATCHED from a basket-nest is therefore to be accepted rather as demonstrating the entrance of the young birds into the world than as the model of what a nest should be. As broody hens are very quarrelsome, it is not desirable, if more than one is allowed off at a time, that they should be left unattended, as the inevitable fights that occur may cause destruction to valuable eggs. Another advantage of having someone near when the hens are off their nests is that an opportunity is thereby offered for inspecting the eggs, and if the weather is very hot, so that the shells are likely to



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

JUST HATCHED.

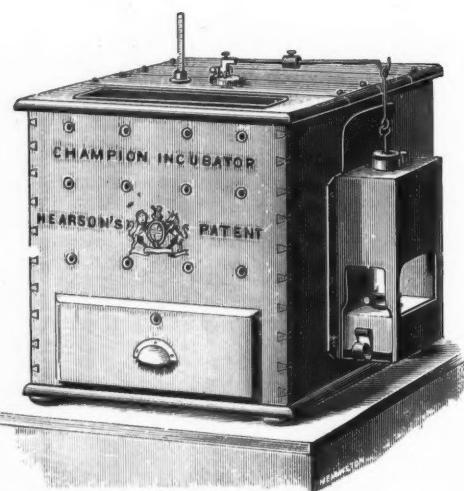
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MOTHERLESS CHICKS.

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become hard, a little tepid water may be sprinkled over them, and upon the nest and its surroundings. On the eighth day it is a good plan to test the eggs, in order to ascertain whether they are fertile or not; and whether they are being hatched in incubators or under hens the desirability of taking this precaution is the same. The method to pursue now is to procure an egg-tester with an oblong hole in it, and to hold each egg in succession against this aperture, with a strong light at the back, so that the state of the contents may be seen. Should there be a dark spot in the egg it is fertile, but if it be quite clear it is useless for setting purposes, and may be placed on one side, to be utilised for making boiled custard for the chickens which may have been hatched, for which purpose it is perfectly adapted. It may here be suggested that it is a good practice to set two or more hens if possible upon the same day, so that should there be many clear eggs one bird may be set at liberty, and her fertile eggs divided between the others, whilst she, if a reliable bird, may be started with a fresh lot.

The period of incubation in a hen is twenty-one days, but Bantams will generally be found chipping the shell a day sooner. As a rule, the young birds will require no assistance, Nature having endowed them with ample means for escaping from their place of imprisonment; but if it is clear that they have not strength enough to accomplish the task before them, a few pieces of shell may be carefully peeled from around the place where their beaks are showing. It must, however, be borne in mind that more chicks are killed than saved by unpractised people interfering with their entry into the world, and consequently the amateur had better take a lesson in chipping the shell from an experienced friend. It very rarely occurs that all the eggs hatch out at the same time, and therefore it is better to remove such chickens as may have made their appearance to a warm place in a basket lined with flannel, but do not set them so near a roaring fire that they become cooked, as unfortunately has been the case. Finally, let the amateur realise the fact that chickens require no food or nourishment of any sort or kind for the first twenty-four hours of their existence, Dame Nature having arranged that matter for them. Therefore it may be stated, with the most uncompromising emphasis possible, that the unhappily not infrequent practice of cramming a pepper-corn down the throats of the unfortunate little birds is a relic of unreasoning barbarism, which is far more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

(To be continued.)



THE TRUE PINES.

OUR parks and woodlands owe much of their beauty to the noble form and sombre colouring of the true Pines, which we value not merely for their grandeur, but timber also. The sombre tone of the race is expressed in the Black or Austrian Pine (*Pinus austriaca*), a tree of very quick growth, with spreading branches clothed with intense dark green, almost black, leaves. This famous Pine comes to us from the calcareous mountains of Lower Austria, Transylvania, and Moravia, and its timber is very tough. We have used this Pine as a shelter to young plantations, to form screens and for similar purposes, but a bold group well placed is welcome, the deep-coloured branches standing out against the sky, their outline softened by the plump foliage. This is the Pine that may be recommended for planting near the sea-coast. When exposed to the full force of the wind it suffers little in growth, neither becoming stunted nor one-sided, and we know from experience that few trees, even of the hardest and most robust nature, preserve their natural outline under such conditions. The Austrian Pine is useful for the front of plantations, as there its spreading branches and impressive colouring are well seen.

THE CORSICAN PINE.

Pinus Laricio is as handsome and hardy as any of the Pine tribe. It is as happy upon the bleak wind-swept hillside as in the sheltered lowlands, as any visitor may know by seeking out the Corsican Pine near the entrance to the Royal Gardens from Kew Green. Here in the Thames Valley this Pine has grown to a great height, its straight, finely-coloured stem and bold branches attracting much attention at all times. It is one of the handsomest trees in the gardens. We value it for its timber, but as much for its quick growth, and it may be used with advantage as a nurse plant to more delicate trees. Though so tall and straight, the Corsican Pine occupies little space, as its branches are short, but the dense foliage prevents anything approaching "scragginess." The Corsican Pine forests fill one with awe approaching to reverence—noble stretches of Pine intensely dark and solemn, and suggesting surely that in grouping such trees one brings out their greatest beauty. In its native land trees 150ft. in height are not unusual. In an interesting communication to the *Garden* some years ago M. Maurice L. de Vilmorin, the French nurseryman, gives some important particulars concerning this Pine. His grandfather, M. de Vilmorin, succeeded in 1820 in obtaining from the then little-known Calabrian forests some seeds of these remarkable trees, and contrived to secure a somewhat regular supply for about ten years, when the political condition of those countries prevented any further intercourse. M. de Vilmorin advised some landed gentlemen and foresters among his acquaintances to plant these trees as extensively as possible. At that period originated some of the Calabrian Pine plantations



MIXED BORDER AT FAIRFIELDS.

that are to be found near Paris, and also the plantations M. de Vilmorin himself created on his property at Les Barres, Loiret.

GROWTH AND ORNAMENTAL VALUE OF THE CORSICAN PINE.

M. Maurice de Vilmorin further mentions that he has made records of measurements at long enough intervals to prove that trees nearly seventy years old maintain a very active annual growth. Seedlings of the first-planted Calabrian Pines have grown to a height of 40ft. at Les Barres. The timber of these trees is of very good quality, a little dark-coloured and heavy in consequence of the amount of turpentine. Be the importance of the Corsican Pine what it may for the forester, it surely deserves much attention for ornamental planting. Either isolated or planted in limited groups, it will soon repay the planter; and it thrives in any soils except those of peaty and marshy character. Small or, say, two year old seedlings can be planted. It will then be wise to have surplus plants, as some may fail to grow. Young trees 2ft. or 3ft. high are sure to succeed if properly handled and planted at the right time, which is April.

OTHER NOBLE PINES.

The Swiss Pine (*P. Cembra*) forms a somewhat pyramidal-shaped tree, with deep green leaves covered with silvery grey and quite pendulous. It is thoroughly hardy, well furnished with foliage, and, owing to its short branches, requires far less space than many Firs. The wood is much valued in the Alpine regions, but in this country the tree is planted solely for its beauty. There is a curious dwarf variety, named *pumila*, which bears cones freely when not more than 1yd. high. Always avoid tender Pines. It is a mistake to plant anything for permanent effect that is not quite hardy. Even the Deodar Cedar is not safe in very severe winters, and a Pine one sometimes sees recommended, namely, *Pinus insignis*, can only be planted in quite southern counties. We should not use it for any position, in spite of its spreading branches clothed with rich grass-green foliage. The Cluster Pine (*Pinus pinaster*) derives its popular name from the way in which the hard woody cones are clustered around the shoots, where they remain for years. It forms generally a tree of wide-spreading growth, the leaves bright green in colour, and it is also readily known by its deeply-furrowed bark. Apart from its great value for the landscape everywhere, like the Austrian Pine it may be planted with advantage along the sea-shore, even in sandy soils, and in some parts of France it has been largely planted in such places. Storms of wind, even when saturated with salt spray, seem to have little effect upon the spreading branches. We shall give further notes about Pines in a future issue.

PLANTING AND DIVIDING PERENNIALS.

This is a good season for planting hardy flowers to make a display in the ensuing summer. In the case of tender kinds we always propagate by division at this time, but avoid splitting up masses into very small bits, as free, bold groups are the most beautiful. All hardy perennials may be planted now—Carnations, Pinks, perennial Larkspurs (*Delphiniums*), Canterbury Bells, Campanulas, and all hardy things, whether for the rock garden or the open border. This is a busy and beautiful time, too. Spring flowers are colouring garden and woodland, Daffodils fluttering in the wind, and everything should be bright and sunny. But spring brings its work as well as its flowers. Annuals may be sown freely—indeed, this is about the best general time in the whole year, and thin out those already showing above ground. Prepare the summer beds, unless these are filled with bulbous flowers, prune Roses upon the lines already laid down, plant even trees and shrubs, although we must confess that the season is getting late for this work. The writer has the Netted Iris (*I. reticulata*) in full flower in a border. How delightful is the fragrance of this deep purple flower! In well-drained medium soils it increases freely, and it may even be planted in the woodland, as the rabbit seems to care little for the bulb.

DAFFODILS BY WATER-SIDE.

We lately saw a colony of the variety *principis* by a stream, and in the clear light of a spring day the flowers were fresh and beautiful in colour. Rising sheaths near showed that this flower beauty would be continued by the noble *Horsfieldi*, *Empress*, *Johnstoni* Queen of Spain, some of the Star *Narcissi*, and the white Pheasant's Eye or *Poeticus* group. Colonies of Daffodils by water-side make a fresh display in spring when everything around, save perhaps the Willows, is still bare.

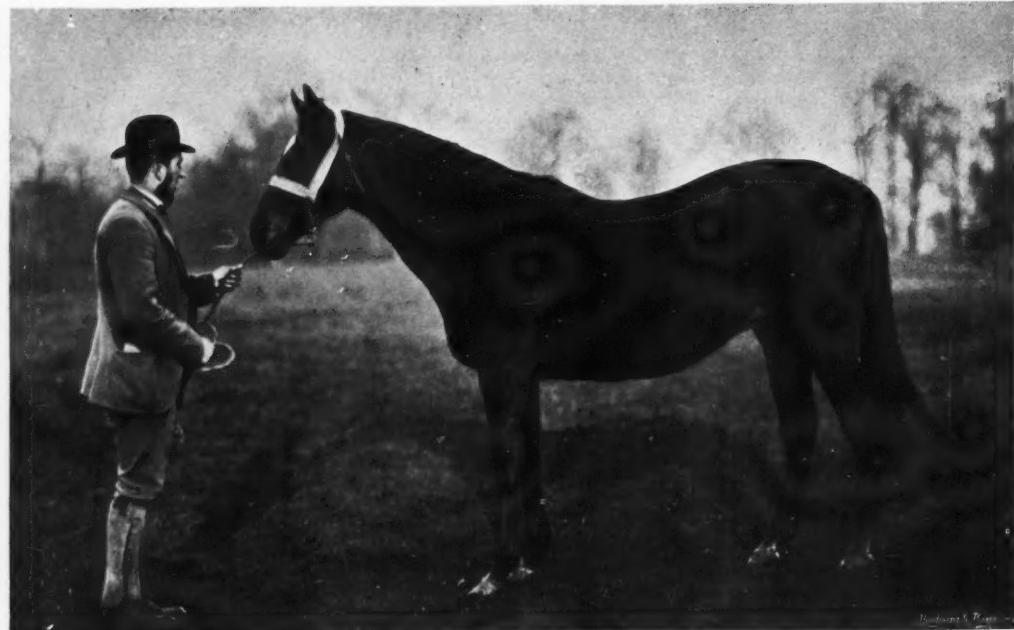
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden, and to receive notes and photographs for our "Correspondence" columns.

Brood Mares at Sledmere.

HERE is no name better known in connection with the best traditions of the British Turf, past and present, than that of Sir Tatton Sykes, lord of that typical English estate, Sledmere, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. In 1846 a bay colt of that name, bred at Sledmere, by Melbourne out of a mare by Margrave, won the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger, besides running second to Pyrrhus the First in the Derby. At the present time the Sledmere yearlings

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PLAISANTERIE.

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invariably make the biggest average at the Doncaster September sales, and most of them turn out race-horses as well. There are various reasons for this, two of them being that the limestone soil of that part of Yorkshire and the sunny sheltered position and bracing air of the Sledmere paddocks are peculiarly favourable for the rearing of young bloodstock, and the other that Sir Tatton spares neither trouble nor expense in securing the best mares and using the best sires.

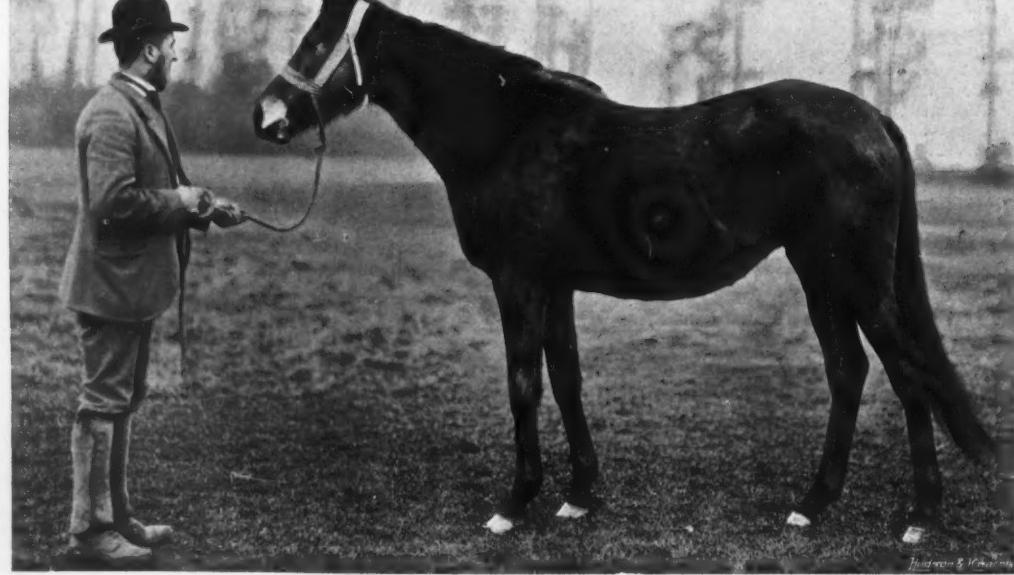
This fact is well exemplified by the three mares whose portraits accompany this article, and whom I saw looking marvellously well on my last visit to this historic nursery of great horses. These are *Plaisanterie*, *La Fleche*, and *Mimi*, whose memorable deeds whilst in training are of too recent a date to need recapitulation here. Quite one of the best mares that ever ran was *Plaisanterie*, who was bred in France, by the well-bred *Wellingtonia* out of *Poetess*, by *Trocadero*, and going back on her dam's side to *Whisker*. As a three year old she won the *Cesarewitch* and *Cambridgeshire*, carrying 7st. 8lb. and 8st. 12lb. respectively. She has been a good brood mare, too, having bred *Childwick* —who won the *Cesarewitch* in 1895, and would have been a better horse than he was but for a constitutional failing—and *Raconteur*, who was an undoubtedly good two year old. She will probably be the dam of something better still some day, and so bring fresh fame to the Sledmere Stud.

Everyone knows all about *La Fleche*, by *St. Simon* out of *Quiver*, by *Toxophilite*, and the sensational yearling of Her Majesty's sale at Hampton Court in 1890. What a marvellous mare she was on the Turf, and what a perfect galloping machine! How she got beaten by *Sir Hugo* for the Derby of 1892 has always been a mystery, though that she was all wrong at the time was plainly shown two days later in the Oaks, in which, although she won her race, she only beat *The Smew* by a head, whereas in her real form she could have lost her. She took her revenge on everything in the St. Leger, and then won the *Cambridgeshire* with 8st. 10lb. on her back. Altogether she won eight races as a three year old. Though brimful of fire and vitality, and of exquisite quality, she was on the small side when in training. She is by no means so now, however, as she has grown considerably since going to the stud, and is now very fine mare. Her first foal, *La Veine*, by *Morion*, is full of quality and racing shapes, but too small to be in the first class, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that her dam was carrying her when

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SLEDMERE AND THE NEW CHURCH.

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LA FLECHE.

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she won the Goodwood Cup. She was barren in 1896; her next year's foal, a colt by Morion, who was fully described in these columns as a yearling, made 2,700 guineas at the Doncaster sales, and is, I hear, likely to be a clinking good two year old; and she has a very promising yearling by Isinglass, which will set men's heads nodding at Doncaster this autumn. She was a rare performer on the Turf, as also was Orme, who beat her twice, at Sandown Park and Goodwood, and were she mine I should mate her with that horse, if only out of sentiment and expect to get the horse of the century. That she will be the dam of something very good indeed some day is as near a certainty as anything connected with breeding can be.

Another good mare on the Turf was the One Thousand and Oaks winner, MIMI, who was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1888, and is by Barcaldine from that good mare by Lord Lyon out of Sadie by Voltigeur. When I wrote about the Sledmere yearlings in these columns last year I made special mention of the bay colt by St. Simon out of this mare, and he fully endorsed all that I said in his favour by making 1,750 guineas at Doncaster. She is also the dam of that very nice young sire St. Simon Mimi, standing at Captain Fife's stud in Yorkshire. Amongst other blue-blooded matrons at the Sledmere Stud are Claribelle, by Uncas; Marchioness, by Pellegrino out of Baroness, by Stockwell, and dam of Altesse; Wedlock, dam of Best Man, by Wenlock out of Cybele, by Marsyas, and whose bay yearling filly by Orme last year fetched 1,150 guineas; Solesky, by Thunder out of Utopia, by Rataplan, who last year had a bay yearling filly by Morion which made 910 guineas; and Lady Yardley, dam of Disraeli, by Sterling out of Leda, by Weatherbit; whilst the latest additions to this almost unrivalled collection of matrons include that beautiful mare Luodamia, and Tragedy, dam of last year's St. Leger winner, Wildfowler.

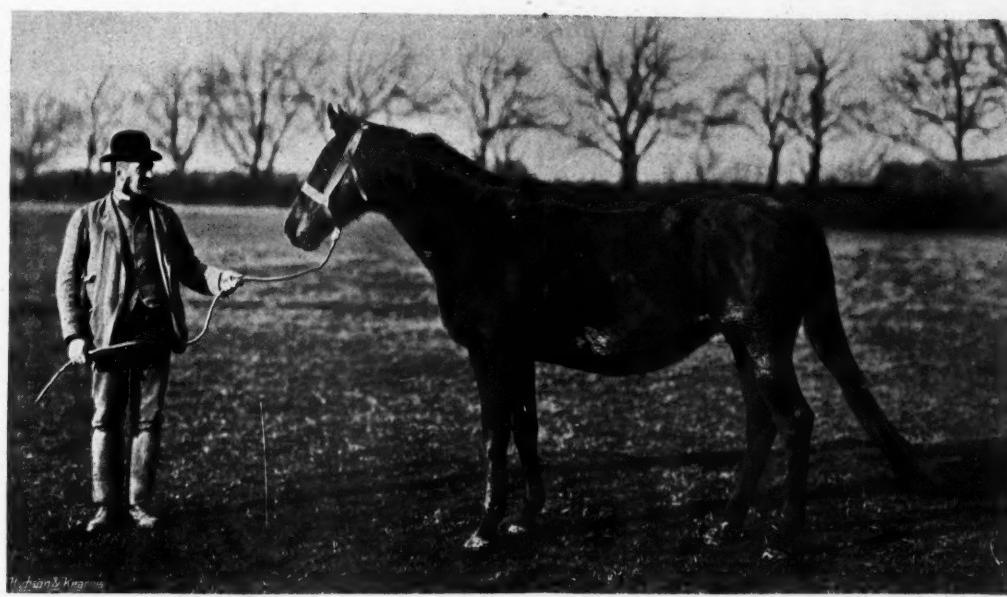
One of our illustrations gives a good view of the house at Sledmere and the new church which Sir Tatton has lately built hard by. There is nothing remarkable about the first of these, which is a comfortable-looking country gentleman's residence; but the church, over the designs for which Sir Tatton took infinite pains and trouble, is probably one of the most beautiful specimens of pure church architecture in the kingdom, the interior being especially chaste and perfect. May the present owner of this fine estate and priceless stud breed many more Derby and Oaks winners in the future, to bring, if possible, greater fame to the Sledmere Stud than it has already won.



LAST week's racing was not of overpowering interest, and race-goers generally were probably not averse to a more or less quiet week, in the face of two such important affairs as the Lincoln Spring Meeting and the Grand National Meeting at Liverpool which are both being held this week.

Derby opened the ball on Tuesday, on which day the only event of any interest was the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase of two miles, in which Missionary carried 10st. 9lb. to victory, beating such swell performers over this distance as Summer Lightning (12st. 6lb.), Lafayette (11st. 6lb.), Chair of Kildare (12st. 5lb.), and Carriden (11st.). On the second day Bayreuth, who had run exceedingly well under 12st. 7lb. in the International Hurdle Race at Gatwick a week earlier, won the Devonshire Handicap Hurdle Race, giving no less than 17lb. to the Kempton Park winner, Saintly Songstress, and there is no doubt whatever that this charming little horse is in great form just now. A big, fine horse and a grand fencer is the Irish-bred chaser Boreen, who disappointed his connections in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park a few weeks ago. As I pointed out at the time, however, he did not look half fit there, and he certainly stripped in better fettle on Thursday of last week. He had nothing much to beat in the Newmarket Spring Handicap of 3½ miles, it is true, but none of his three opponents ever looked like troubling him, and he did what he had to do in smart style. The erratic old Bach took the Bury Handicap Hurdle Race, and the five year old Swords beat Aberfoyle and two others in the Ashley Maiden Steeplechase. I think the well-bred young chaser a very likely sort to make a good horse over a country next season. He was, of course, as his name denotes, bred by that successful Irish breeder, Mr. Corbally, at that gentleman's stud farm, within an hour's car-drive of Dublin city.

On Friday, at the same rendezvous, there were what looked to me two real good things in Sweet Adare for a Maiden Hurdle Race, and Chit Chat for the Town Handicap Hurdle Race. Considering that the first-named of these had given Wales 4lb. and a two lengths beating at Birmingham, which on the latter's running with Bayreuth at Gatwick makes him out almost as good as Lord Cowley's horse, it was small wonder that he was backed at evens, and won by four lengths. I expect this to make a very good horse over "sticks" next season. Captain Machell does not often make mistakes, and when he bought



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MIMI.

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Chit Chat for 70 guineas, at the sale of Mr. Rucker's horses, in December last, he evidently knew what he was doing, although there was a contingency to Mr. Linde's executors, and he was none too sound either. I remember seeing this colt when a two year old, at Eyrefield Lodge, and thinking what a grand jumper he would make if he was ever put to it. As everyone knows, he has since then been running in the best of handicap company, at which he has hitherto proved a disappointment, but he has evidently taken kindly to the jumping business, and he won in a canter by three lengths. Sand Chat, on the strength of his having beaten Snape at the Southwell Hunt Meeting, was made a hot favourite at evens, but although he was in receipt of 7lb., he was unable to extend the son of Mayboy and Small Talk when the latter took up the running from Ozil, who had, as usual, cut out all the work until he had had enough of it, and I was utterly astonished to see Captain Machell's new purchase start at 8 to 1, when it looked to me odds on him if he could jump at all. He is a remarkably fine horse, and if he only keeps sound, he is not unlikely next season to remind us of the style in which the white and blue cap used once to be carried in races of this description, in the days when "the Captain" was a power in the land in connection with National Hunt sport.

As my readers will have gathered, of all last week's performers over hurdles and fences I look upon Swords, Chit Chat, and Sweet Adare as the most likely to distinguish themselves next season. And the fact of my writing about "next season" shows how nearly the present one is played out. In fact, when the Lincoln Handicap has once more set men's minds to thinking about flat-racers and the Grand National Steeplechase has been lost and won, sport under National Hunt rules has little or no further attraction for the general body of race-goers until they once more foregather at Aintree for the Sefton Steeplechase. There are one or two more important jumping events to be decided after the Grand National, it is true, notably at Manchester and Sandown Park, as well as a number of Hunt meetings of interest to those connected with them; but I always think that the game has lost most of its interest by the tail end of the season, when there are no longer any problems in the immediate future to the solution of which we can apply the lessons learnt by the results of a current day's racing.



WINTER sports are on their last legs, a new racing season has already begun, and my weekly article headed "Between the Flags" will now have to give way to that entitled "Racing Notes." And what sort of a season is it likely to be, this new comer of 1899? This is not an easy question to answer now, although, after such a remarkably open winter as we have just passed through, trainers may very likely know more about their various charges than they usually do at this time of the year. At any rate, we shall all know more about some of them by the time these notes are published, seeing that several two year olds will by that time have shown what they are capable of, and a number of stable tell-tales will have told their trainers the best, or worst, of their stable companions. As is usually the case at this time of the year, I have heard of several youngsters who can "catch pigeons," as the saying is, and to judge by their pedigrees many of them ought certainly to be able to gallop. Among others, Styria, a filly by St. Simon out of Pannonia, is said to have been highly tried, and I hear that the filly by Trenton out of Saintly is a very smart forward sort. Marsh, too, I believe has charge of a good youngster in Mr. Larnach's Simonswood, by St. Simon out of Daisy Chain, and there are good accounts of Hulcot, said to be the best of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's useful lot trained by Watson. However, as most of these will probably be seen out during the present week, it would be waste of time for me to write about them now. I saw one or two good-looking youngsters by Orme when I was last at Kingscere, but the Duke of Portland's looked to me to be most of them rather small. Perhaps they have grown since then. And here let me once more say that it is, in my opinion, a wicked thing to train, try, or race two year olds over five furlongs until well into the summer. It is probable that a large number of this year's colts and fillies nominally of that age have already been tried over this distance, and of

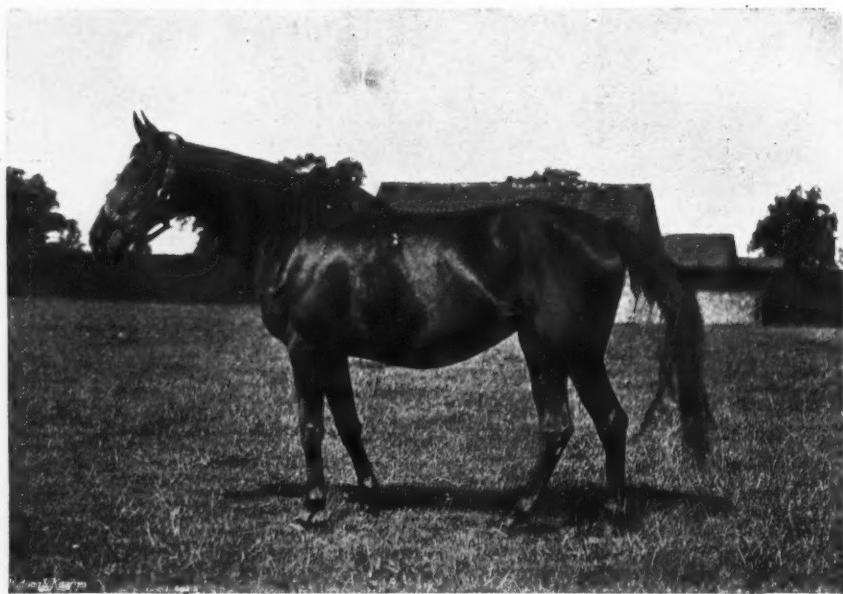
these it is quite safe to prophesy that a very large proportion will be ruined by it. I believe that our modern breed of race-horses is materially injured by the early racing of these mere babies, and the best rule that the Jockey Club could pass, in the interests of the breed at large, would be one to put an end to two year old racing altogether until about June 1st, and to prohibit anything of that age running more than half a mile until, say, York or Doncaster. Now that the starting-machine has become a practical factor in Turf politics, there is no longer any valid objection to half-mile races for two year olds. In addition to those of this age which I have just mentioned, I have also heard a good account of Simonella, a very pretty filly by St. Simon out of Pamela, by Hampton, of whom I wrote favourably in these columns after seeing her as a yearling at Mr. Simons' Harrison's Cottingham Stud in September last, a few days after which she made 1,350 guineas at the Doncaster sales. Another good Trenton that I have heard of—and what remarkably good-looking stock this Australian sire gets!—is the colt out of Katherine Parr; and I believe that there will be something good

by Isinglass before the season is much older. I am not one of those who think that this year's three year olds are likely to be a very grand lot. Flying Fox, whom I take to be the best of them, is a nice-class colt, no doubt, and probably a rare stayer, but he gave me the idea last season of being a little too short of length and scope ever to make a really great horse. St. Gris has size enough for anything, and of him I hear that he has improved more than most during the winter. Camian has shown that he can gallop, and I am a great admirer of those two good-looking youngsters, Lord Edward II. and Baldyde. Amongst the older division we are not unlikely to see some of the Australian and New Zealand importations showing improved form; whilst Tod Sloan, who has just arrived in this country, will probably again show our jockeys the advantage of letting a horse run his own race, instead of messing him about as is the fashion in this country. At Liverpool on Friday I fancy Mark Forard for the Bickerstaffe Stakes, and on Saturday the Liverpool Plate may go to Crestfallen.

OUTPOST.

LILY OF LUMLEY.

MR. R. C. VYNER has certainly been strangely out of luck of late. It is only a short time ago that he had the misfortune to lose that famous brood mare Mint Sauce, by Young Melbourne out of Sycee, by Marsyas, the dam of Minting, and the St. Leger winner, The Lambkin, and now we regret to have to announce the death of Lily of Lumley, A BEAUTIFULLY-BRED YOUNG MARE by Uncas or Thurio out of Lady Lumley, by See Saw, her dam the famous Lady Alice Hawthorn, by See Saw. This thirteen year old mare, who was the dam of Yorkmint and Serapion, and who died a few days ago in giving birth to a dead colt by Aperse, was a well-known performer on the turf in the colours of her breeder, Mr. R. Osborne, and afterwards as the property of Mr. R. C. Vyner. Among her principal victories were the Manchester Cup and Manchester November Handicap as a five year old, and but for her untimely decease she would have been the dam of something better than she had ever bred as yet. The portrait of this very hard-bred mare which is given herewith will be of especial interest now, considering that we shall never see her again in the flesh, and because there are not many mares bred on these lines in the present day.



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A BEAUTIFULLY-BRED YOUNG MARE.

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LOADS AND LOADING.

ON the question of the best charges for shot-guns, sportsmen, for many reasons, are never found of one mind. To begin with, there may be legitimate difference of opinion as to the best powder to be used, for, amidst so many competing powders, the minds of both gunners and gun-makers may well be exercised as to which is really the best, each manufacturer, of course, claiming superiority for his own. Then a change of circumstances may lead to a change of opinion. One gun shoots best with one charge, but another only does its best work when a different one is used, while the charge that might suit the August grouse shooter would be sure to prove unsuitable for the end of September shooting of the same man with the same guns. At the commencement of the grouse season 42grs. of smokeless powder and 1oz. of shot may be the most effective load, but when the birds get wild and strong, as at the end of September, 45grs. of smokeless powder, corresponding to 3drds. of black, with 1 1-8oz. of shot, may be absolutely required. Again, there are still many guns in use with at least the left barrels choked, and there are those who hold that such guns require different loads for each barrel. There is obviously more resistance offered to the passing of the shot through the choked than through the cylinder tube, and greater propelling power is therefore requisite where a cylinder-choke is the gun used; consequently it is held that the difference should be made of what gun-makers term "strickled" for the load of the cylinder barrel and "heaped up" measure for the choke, the latter amounting to about 3grs. more of smokeless powder, and the shot measure "bare" instead of "full," as in the cylinder. But with the majority of keen shooters in these days the choke-bore is a thing of the past, and the load that is suitable for the right barrel is also suitable for the left, for they both have the same work to do. It is not desirable to put much pressure upon the powder in the cartridges, and hammering the shot must have a bad effect, as it jams the pellets together and puts them out of shape. Some sportsmen consider the cases improperly loaded if they can succeed in shaking the shot, and to please the gun-makers, to prevent the possibility of rattling the pellets, punch down the shot a great deal too much. This is decidedly wrong, for, while cartridges should be firmly loaded, they should not be violently pressed with the lever. If there is tightness at all allowable, it should be shown in packing the cartridges themselves together, so that they may not knock against each other when travelling by rail. We need scarcely add that cases and waddings should always be of the very best, for the difference in expense is infinitesimal, while any such difference is more than counterbalanced by birds clean killed instead of maimed or altogether lost. The best gas-tight cases—best grease-proof cloth, cardboard, and felt wadding—should always be used, and loaded firmly and evenly, the cases carefully and tightly turned over.

Sportsmen are now coming to compare the performance of one powder with another as they never did before. When everybody shot black gunpowder, as was done twenty years ago, there was practically no choice of powders, and no necessity for acquiring a knowledge of the properties of explosives. But since then there have been so many additions to the list of nitro-compounds, each with its own peculiarities, that some knowledge of them is almost a necessity in a sporting education. We are no great believers in the accuracy of the figures sometimes published as to the pressures and velocities of this powder and that. By a slight alteration in the conditions of loading it is possible to bring out any desired results with any nitro-powder. Large caps instead of small make a wonderful difference, for instance, so much so that the caps may almost be said to form part of the charge. The particular wadding used, and the pressure applied in the loading of the cartridge, are both factors in the manufacture of favourable or unfavourable results, as the case may be. These nice points are almost beyond the reach of the sportsman unskilled in powder manufacture; but where all possibility of unfairness is absent on the part of the skilled expert, the figures he obtains are not without their value. Guns are built and proved to stand a test of more than twice the ordinary pressure, but not much more, and if by accident a double charge of powder found its way into the cartridge-case discharged from the average breech-loader of the present day, the pressure might be quite up to the margin of safety and even a little beyond it into the region of risk. But different outputs or batches of the same kind of powder vary a good deal in strength, and the testing of them to be effective would almost require to be continuous all through the manufacturing season, and thereafter during the shooting one, especially the testing of concentrated nitros, with which there is much greater chance of accidents in loading. Then the best loading has been found to give unreliable results with nitro-compounds if the caps used happened to be either too strong or too weak. A great deal of blame for eccentricities in nitros has been placed by sportsmen to the account of the powders, when the caps were really at fault. The last year or two have seen great improvement in the manufacture of caps suitable for nitro-powder; but they have not yet reached perfection by any means. One out of a hundred only may be found faulty, but the sportsman is generally inclined to blame his gun-maker for that one defective cartridge out of the hundred supplied to him, though the fault does not lie with the latter, who had no hand in the manufacture of the cap that caused the mischief. The gun-maker is blamed because he comes personally in contact with the customer, while the cap manufacturer does not. In truth, it would seem almost impossible to secure exactly the same quantity of fulminating compound in each of a hundred caps. Heat, flash, and pressure may be exactly the same in ninety-nine caps, but the hundredth seems certain to have an abnormal quantity of fulminate and to give abnormal results when the cartridge is exploded by it in the sportsman's gun. In such event the gun-maker is to be felt for—he has to stand the brunt of the complaint. The loading may have been perfectly correct, the powder in excellent condition, and the wads all that could have been desired, and yet an occasional cartridge fizzles off, apparently for no ascertainable cause. The fault lies in the cap, which has evidently been unsuitable for the powder through accident in its manufacture. Sportsmen have to bear with such eccentricities in a percentage of cartridges until better

capping s finally arrived at. Until then occasional irregularities in cartridges may be encountered, which should not be erroneously attributed, however, by sportsmen to any want of due care in loading on the part of their gun-makers.

Discrepancies, again, in size of shot have also given rise to complaints by sportsmen disposed to blame their gun-makers, whereas the blame lay entirely at the doors of the shot manufacturers working without a proper system of securing uniformity in sizes, marks, and number. And, indeed, what applies in this way to the manufacture of shot also applies in some degree to the making of cartridge-cases, each of the manufacturers seeming to be a law unto himself. There is need for combination among the makers of cases, if only to secure uniformity in their various products, and the adoption of the same standard of size for all, so that cases may exactly fit the chambers. This matter is now being discussed in gun-making and ammunition-manufacturing circles, and there is every probability of arriving at hard and fast standards by greater co-operation. Within the last few days co-operation between the rival firms of ammunition manufacturers has succeeded in raising the price of cartridge-cases throughout by about five per cent. That may be allowable in view of the rise in price of the metal used in the manufacture; but we might, at least, look for equal co-operation in fixing and adhering to the same standards of size, by the absence of which sportsmen are the only real sufferers.

NEVIS.



A MUCH better week than the last will, I think, be the experience of everyone who has gone hunting. As far as Leicestershire is concerned, we have had three good days, and no one could expect more. Moreover, the sport has been pretty evenly divided, the Cottesmore, Mr. Fernie, and the Quorn having each had a run of more than ordinary excellence. Let us take them in order. Coles Lodge was the Cottesmore Tuesday fixture, and plenty of people came there. The list would include most of the leading members of the three hunts, for whom the Cottesmore Tuesday is a common meeting ground. The lesson given us the other day by our much-respected Master has not been forgotten, and a big field behaved well while hounds were running. In Launde Park Wood it was not long before the cry of hounds told of a find. There were three foxes, but Gillison soon settled the hounds on one, and they rattled him about in covert for a time. It has been said by huntsmen of experience that hounds can hunt a fox better if he has been run for a time in covert. We started well as far as the top of the hill. The hills are steep and rough about here, and we always keep a stout horse for this country. Gilson made a bold forward cast almost to Belton village, and the pack touched a line which led them into Allexton Wood. In covert the scent seemed better, but the fox had, I think, gone on, for the scent seemed very poor when hounds came out, and at last they had to give it up. Back to Launde Park Wood again, and this time the success was better, for we found ourselves galloping over that very nice bit of country to Prior's Coppice. It does not, of course, make very long runs, not more than a mile and a-half as the crow flies. The fox ran the side of the brook to Leafield, and then turned up the hill, and, coming back over nearly the original line to Launde Park Wood, ran through the wood, and right up to Ouston Wood. He did not go in, but, turning away to the right, came back to Prior's Coppice. On the second occasion of leaving Launde Park Wood there were two foxes before hounds, and it was a diminished pack that ran up to Prior's Coppice.

The best of the gallop was, I think, from Prior's Coppice to Launde; hounds ran very prettily over the hog's back, and with that charming music which Mr. Baird's hounds treat us to when there is a scent. When hounds turned at Withcote, some rash people cast forward to Ouston, and were rewarded by finding hounds were behind them running for Chedding Coppice. Altogether a good day over a delightful country—the sort of hunting, indeed, of which Whyte-Melville said that it made you feel as if you had done a good action.

The best run of the week was Mr. Fernie's on Thursday. They met at Illston, the pretty village on the hill. If you are going that way, take some copper coins in your pocket; there is a big white gate leading into Colonel Baillie's park, for which the village children always have most exciting race, and thus learn to connect hunting and bulls'-eyes from their earliest years. Lord Annaly, the hon. secretary of the Pytchley, was there, Count Kinsky, Mr. Carnaby Foster—the sales of whose horses at Leicester tell what prices hunters will fetch, even at the end of the season, if they have been ridden close to hounds—Lord Binning, and Lord and Lady Ribblesdale were visitors, the last-named one of three sisters all good to hounds.

Galby Spinney, where they found their first fox, hardly has room for a

pack of hounds and a fox at the same time. They settled it by coming out altogether and going off at a rare pace. Of those who saw the start, only the quick beginners were really in the run, and hounds went so fast that there was no making up lost ground. They ran nearly straight to Glen Gorse, over beautiful grass pastures and stiff fences past Burton Overy. Then swinging round again to the left, they left Thurnby Gorse untouched, crossed the road into the Quorn country, and then ran into Scraptot Gorse close to the Quorn Master's house. No one was sorry to take a pull here, but those who were there were anxious not to be left behind. The hounds forced their fox out past the Hall, and ran some way, passing but not entering Barkby Holt. The fox could stand no more, and had to turn or die, and this time he ran into Barkby, after going for over two hours at a good pace. If we took the same fox from Barkby, and I think we did, he was a rare example of the stoutness of an old fox, and after all he got away at Queniborough—a fine run, of which but few saw the end.

The same good scent which served on Thursday held good for Friday also, and the Quorn had their share of the good fortune. The run was chiefly in Cottesmore territory, and with one of Mr. Baird's foxes in all probability. From Burdett's Covert, a very nice, snug little covert lying on the low ground, the fox went away boldly. Hounds drove along with such dash that he was fain to gain a little ground by swinging round by Somerby village and running towards Cold Overton; his point, however, was apparently Prior's Coppice, and, for the fourth time in the week, I found myself wondering whether I should get away from a covert in which almost every member of the Quorn and Cottesmore has been left at one time or another. However, hounds kept on running, and it was simply a case of going on galloping. A fall not far from here relegated me to a back seat for a time. The spots of black and scarlet suggested Launde Park Wood, and, accepting the welcome help of the lane from Coles Lodge, I got into the covert in time to hear hounds on my right, and round in time to see the eager pack, hackles up, running into the woods by the Abbey, and then the who-whoop followed.

Hampshire, with its long tradition of hunting and its historic packs, should be a happy hunting ground for those who love the hound. I found myself at Hambledon, the picturesque village where hounds were meeting. The Hambledon pack have a long history, from the days of Mr. King, who had forty couples of bitches, down to the time of the present Master, Mr. Baring, who was carrying the horn himself and had a nice pack out. It seemed a wild country, and we had a smart scurry, the little bitch pack and the Master getting



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ERIDGE HOUNDS: JOHN PETTS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE MASTER, HUNTSMAN, AND WHIPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

away at a fast pace. There also seemed to be a good deal of wire, which is a pity, but I often think a stranger is apt to look on the wire as worse than it really is. If one sees a single strand, he imagines others.

The Surrey Union are going on again with Mr. Labouchere, who seems to have won the good graces of the farmers and to have shown good sport.

Piecombe, where the Southdown met on Friday, has the name for being a popular fixture, but on the occasion in question only a small field turned up. This was perhaps as well, for later in the day we ran into a rather cramped country, and, furthermore, "the fewer men the greater share of honour." The Danny coverts were first of all visited, but they failed to hold the necessary, and even Randolph's Copse, which has so often provided us with a fox this season, was blank like the rest. Shave's Wood was drawn with like result, but when we reached the adjoining covert of Wick Wood, hounds soon proclaimed a find. Our quarry at the start set his mark in a westerly direction, but presently he swung to the right, and, running by Blackstone over a nice line of country, entered Woodhouse Wood. Here he made a short left-hand turn, then crossed the brook, and made a sharp bend to the right. This necessitated some little water-jumping, but no one, as far as I could see, explored the muddy depths of this slow-flowing stream, which has oftentimes brought considerable discomfort to a few keen followers of the Southdown throughout the length of its meandering course. It seemed as if the chase would reach Twickenham, but our fox preferred the sheltering groves of Sayer's Common. Finding no lasting refuge there, he commenced to retrace his steps to Woodhouse Wood, where he was viewed. Up to this point a moderately good pace had been maintained, but slow hunting was the order of the day as hounds ran on to Woodmancote. In a little covert at the last-named place, the pack marked their quarry to ground after a decidedly pleasant gallop. Although a fox was found at Sayer's Common, he was soon chopped, and the remainder of the day produced no incident worthy of remark.

On Saturday the meet was Glynde, and in the absence of the Master (Mr. C. Brand), Robert Wadsley, the kennel huntsman, carried the horn. Glynde Rough and its neighbouring spinneys proving unproductive, the word was given for the drawing of the Glyndebourne coverts. On the way thither a fox was disturbed, and hounds, getting on his line, were soon in hot pursuit. That covert known by the peculiar name of the Lacy's was soon reached, and then the pack hunted on down to the river, near Beddingham Bridge. Here our fox probably got headed, for he turned short back to Glynde, and ran round the base of the hill, finally entering Glynde Rough. Hounds gave him no peace, and he soon came back to Glyndebourne, then ran over the hill, and subsequently crossed both railway line and river near Beddingham. At this



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MOVING OFF.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE MASTER ARRIVES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

juncture both hounds and field were delayed fully five minutes, by being unable to get over the railway-crossing owing to the approach of a train, and this probably saved our fox's life. Littledean was now visited, and then hounds ran slowly on to the Downs, near Beddingham Hill, where their quarry eventually gave them the slip. Another fox was found in the covert near Glynde Station. He ran at once to Firle, and then on into the top plantation; here more than one fox was on foot, and the subsequent doings of foxes and hounds were enough to try the patience of all the saints in the calendar. No sooner did we reach the top of the Downs than we heard hounds running several hundred feet below, while when we had hurried down the steep descent to the park the pack were to be seen hunting along the highest ridge of the hills. After repeatedly going through this switchback performance, I came to the conclusion that I owed it to my horse to find the nearest way to his stable.

X. & Y.

Birds of Ill-omen.

HERE are several birds, perfectly harmless towards man, which have ever been held in evil repute, merely, it would seem, from a similar cause to that which in former times invested old women when of eccentric habits or aspect with the character of witches, and rendered them objects of superstitious dread. The owl and the raven, who are much given to following solitary walks in life, are instances in point. They have ever from remote ages been ostracised as unlucky birds, birds of ill-omen, and so forth. The owl was so reckoned in early Roman times, and the poet Ovid terms him "the unlucky fowl abhorred by men, and called the screeching owl." Virgil, too, speaks in like depreciatory terms of the raven:

"The hoarse raven on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming
blow."



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A BIT FRESH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Plautus also in one of his comedies makes a character who has met with a mishap exclaim : " It was not for nothing then that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand." So, in Gay's "Fables": " That raven on yon left-hand oak (curse on his ill-boding croak !) bodes me no good." Martin Luther in one of his writings alludes in very severe terms to this hapless bird, and we can all recall Poe's celebrated poem to which he gives his name for title. The Romans, we learn, had special officers, selected from the patrician class, one of whose duties it was to study the omens of the owl, the crow, and other birds, and interpret them to the people. Butler, in " Hudibras," has well hit off this proceeding where he alludes to the Roman Senate, when an owl was seen within the city walls, causing the priests with lustrations to avert the round-faced prodigy from doing town or country hurt. In Shakespeare the owl is often quoted, notably when it is said of Richard III., " the owl shrieked at his birth, an evil sign "; and in Macbeth, " the raven is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under the battlements." In the " Natural History of Selborne " White says the raven can produce a very deep and solemn note that causes the woods to echo, but that owls have very expressive notes, hooting in a fine vocal sound like the vox humana! These altogether unfounded notions and prejudices respecting the owl and the raven still prevail to a considerable degree, we may mention, in the English rustic mind. It is the barn owl principally who comes in for dislike. This bird generally affects a solitary mode of life, preferably haunting old buildings and ruins, and has the habit of seeking its food at night, when its screeching voice, breaking the prevalent stillness around, is certainly objectionable, and conduced greatly, no doubt, to its evil reputation. A peculiar soft, noiseless flight, bringing the bird suddenly into proximate view without any previous warning, may also have helped to increase its bad character. Waterton, the celebrated naturalist, tells us that the barn owl, so far from being in any way a noxious bird, is a highly-useful one, on account of the great quantity of mice which it destroys, and which forms its favourite food. When it has young it will bring one to its nest every few minutes. Some country people entertain the belief that it attacks pigeons in their houses by invasion, but that is not so. When it does pay them a visit, it is for the purpose of seeking repose and concealment. In fact its perfectly harmless character in this proceeding is satisfactorily attested by the tranquil composure evinced by the pigeons at such times. A similar error largely prevails in the case of the crow, a bird which certainly is naturally of an enquiring disposition, but that is all. From its conduct in this connection many false notions have been formed concerning it, which when looked into are satisfactorily explainable in other ways. Its portentous character is in a large degree really owing to its uncommonly harsh voice, and also to its somewhat repulsive carnivorous habits. Shakespeare says of an army :

" Their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for the hour."

It has often happened, says a writer alluding to this quotation, that when exploring the more inaccessible parts of British mountains (though without any feeling of superstitious dread) the ravens whose " ancient solitary reign " was invaded, uttered their harsh croaks, as they soared above in expectation as it were of the intruders falling down precipices, and thus being " executors " and having to feast on a lifeless carcase. Now, granting that many of the crow tribe glutonise over dead bodies, whether of human beings or of the lesser animals, whether of men slain in battle, or accidentally killed in solitary places, what harm is there in it? Are not these birds, on the contrary, performing a useful service to the living in removing what is so offensive to our senses, and often so injurious to health? Justly regarded, then, the crow is really a benefactor, an emissary of Providence, which ought to call forth feelings of admiration towards that great power, instead of exciting sentiments akin to disgust, or antipathy to itself. Many other superstitions about birds are probably founded in like manner on natural circumstances. Sir Humphrey Davy has remarked that to see one

magpie is well known to betoken misfortune. Now there is a natural explanation about seeing one magpie which may have given rise to this belief. The fact is that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting on the eggs or the young brood; but in fine and mild weather under the same conditions both magpies are at liberty to leave the nest together. The notion is thus poetically expressed, " One's sorrow, two's mirth " (bad and fine weather). The idea that rooks always leave a house when a death takes place, may easily have had its origin in fact, and the cause may be some unpleasant smell to which human organs are insensible. Several of this class of superstitions regarding birds appear at first sight positively humane. Thus the small size of the wren, and the trust in humanity shown by the robin, have disarmed even boys, and secured an immunity of their nests from plunder. The old juvenile saying is, " The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen." It is, therefore, presumably under a certain religious impression that they abstain from acts of cruelty to these birds. The innocence of the dove also appeals strongly to rustic sentiment; but in part so, perhaps, owing to the fact that it is not considered good or lucky to use its feathers in a bed. The raven, too, enjoys a general immunity from the gun, inasmuch as it is held to be extremely unlucky to kill this gruesome fowl. This is in return, it is said, for the services rendered by members of the species to the prophet Elijah of old. Perhaps the greatest inconsistency of superstition is that shown in the persecution of that inoffensive little bird, the yellow-hammer, by many, in consequence of an ignorant idea that it receives three drops of the Devil's blood on May morning. This prejudice in some parts is so strong that people not given in ordinary to injure birds invariably take the nests when they can of the harmless yellow-hammer, under the idea they are performing a laudatory act in preventing its propagation.

Sailors, too, we know, are equally unreasonable respecting that well-known bird, the stormy petrel. It is mainly in consequence of its ever being seen prior to the occurrence of snow-storms, whose utmost rage never seems to disturb it, as it boldly breasts the waves and faces the blasts, uttering the while its low cry. The ancient mariner absurdly considered it as raising the storm, which its habits only bring it in connection with, and exacerbated it accordingly. This belief has unfortunately survived till the present day. " As well," wrote Wilson, the ornithologist, " might the sailors curse the lighthouse that guides them on their lonely way, or the buoy that warns of the sunken rock below." The petrel is in reality a monitor of the approach of stormy weather, and as such is deserving of the highest consideration, which he certainly does not receive. He is truly a messenger of Divine Providence. In conclusion, having formulated all these indictments against the birds, to which in general we think a Scotch verdict of not proven should be returned, let us, for it is surely permissible, allude in a lighter strain to one of the same feather, the jackdaw, that well-known loquacious thief, who has been so shown up in the historical Rhine case, and also in the affecting story of " The Maid and the Magpie." This lively bird was evidently not proscribed in ancient Rome, for Macrobius tells us that in the reign of Augustus Caesar several were trained to salute him verbally, and their owners were rewarded. Hearing of this, one poor fellow, a shoemaker, rather late in the day commenced to teach a jackdaw he had, taking great pains, in the hope of making his fortune by it. The bird, unaware of the great career chalked out for it, proved but a poor scholar, so that his disappointed master often in the course of his lesson would exclaim, " Well, I have lost all my labour." Having at last, however, completed its education, the daw was brought out one day to salute the passing Emperor, when, to the delight of his master, he duly repeated, with great distinctness, the taught phrase, " God save the Emperor." " Tut, tut," said Augustus, " I have too many courtiers of your kind." " Well," went on the daw, who at that moment recollects his master's usual ejaculation of disappointment, " Well, I have lost all my labour!" The Emperor was so much amused at this apposite remark that he bought the bird for double the expected sum.

WILLIAM NORMAN BROWN, F.R.H.S.



"The Man in the Iron Mask."

NOT very much can be said in favour of " The Man in the Iron Mask " at the Adelphi Theatre. It is melodrama in *genre*, without the robustness or the force of melodrama. In short, it is rather invertebrate. On the one hand it has not the straightforward grip and strength of good melodrama ; on the other, its characterisation is too weak and shadowy for dramatic work of a higher plane. Thus the play falls between two stools.

There have been many stage versions of this historical mystery ; the last, which we have just seen at the Adelphi—from the pen of the actor-manager, Mr. Norman Forbes—plumps boldly for the hypothesis of Voltaire, that the masked man was an elder brother of Louis XIV. who took this means of consolidating his own position. But the author goes very much further than this. For the purposes of his play, he makes the incognito and the King change places at the end ; according to Adelphi history, France was ruled first by Louis, and afterwards by the man in the iron mask, who occupied the throne while the former languished out the last days of his life in prison,

the mask having been moved from the head of one to that of the other. This is outraging history with a vengeance.

Not that that would have mattered very much had the drama itself proved more dramatic. As it was, we did not greatly care who wore the iron mask, we were not greatly afflicted about the fate of anyone. The action and the characters are too " niggling." There are no great moments, though there is one effective " situation." Nor is the love story more than adumbrated. Louise de la Vallière, the mistress of the King, is the heroine of the story, and every effort has been made to gain for her the sympathy of the audience. This is accomplished in a half-hearted sort of way. We do not blame Louise for falling a victim to the royal allurements ; though it came as something of a shock to find an Adelphi heroine calmly accepting the situation of being a mother without being a wife. But, in the play, it appears that poor Louise really did not know what she was doing. She thought she had given herself to Marchiali, her lover in the old days, the *péasant* she used to know when she was practically a prisoner—for some, to her, mysterious reason, at Sévur. When Marchiali is " put away " in the Bastille, because he was the elder twin-brother of the King, Louis XIV. himself became enamoured of her, and, in order to accomplish

his ends, tells her that Marchiali was really he, that he had donned this humble disguise in order to test the disinterestedness of her love. So close is the resemblance between the two brothers that she is deceived, and continues deceived for seven years. We do not complain of this; it is quite permissible in drama; what we do complain of is that it is worked out in so uninteresting and hesitating a manner.

But Marchiali has a friend, Monsieur D'Herblay, Bishop of Vannes. He persuades Louis to visit the prisoner; the King is drugged; the mask is transferred from one to the other, and Marchiali comes out of prison and takes the crown. No one knows the difference, except the Queen Mother, that inhuman person who had consented to the lifelong incarceration of her son, in order that there might be no disquiet in the kingdom. The reason we are given for her conduct—that the younger of the twins was the more robust, and was therefore a safer occupant of the throne, is not quite convincing. Marchiali seems quite as robust as his brother. But as, in the play, both characters are played by the same actor, this is not to be wondered at very much. Still, there is always "make-up."

For some extraordinary reason, D'Herblay and Marchiali tell Queen Anne of the thing that has just been done. Why? She is the last person on earth to whom they would have mentioned the matter, surely. There is no cause for it. Neither is there any cause for the return of Marchiali to the prison, for the removal of the mask from the head of Louis, for the two brothers to stand face to face, and for Marchiali, with all the cards in his hand, to leave it to Louise to say which of them shall remain in the Bastille and which shall remount the throne. Again, Why? Louis had usurped the crown; he had treated his brother disgracefully, to say the least of it, in keeping him in the Bastille for seven years with an iron mask on his head; he had fraudulently stolen the affections of Louise. And yet Marchiali, just out of gaol, just relieved from the uncomfortable pressure of a mass of metal round his face, is willing to give the other a chance of going out again into God's daylight, and to take up once more his recumbent position on the hard bed in the Bastille. Incredulous. It is this weakness, this lackadaisicalness, this lack of fibre in the character of Marchiali, which goes far towards deadening the effect of the play.

Against this may be placed the excellent *coup-de-théâtre* of the fourth act. The King's Minister, Monsieur de St. Mars, and the enemy of Marchiali, knows the truth, and knows that the King has been left in the Bastille. He has summoned the King's guards, and, until they arrive, busies himself in making a vigorous attack upon the pretended monarch. But, when the guards come on the scene, they arrest St. Mars for his assault upon the King's sacred person, and doff their caps reverently to Marchiali; they, too, of course, are deceived by the resemblance between the two brothers.

On the credit side of the production, also, are the bright and handsome stage pictures, the glittering uniforms, the fine acting of various members of the company, notably Mr. W. H. Vernon as the Bishop, Mr. Abingdon as St. Mars, Miss Kate Rorke as Louise, Miss Genevieve Ward as Queen Anne—a five minutes' piece of acting which held and thrilled one. Mr. Norman Forbes as Louis and Marchiali played pleasantly; he made the two men exactly alike, and yet suggested differences of manner skilfully. The various "quick changes" were very well arranged indeed. All that Mr. Forbes lacks is expressed by that useful word "authority."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE Lyceum will reopen in a blaze of glory. So far as magnificence of stage production goes, "Robespierre" is to excel anything seen hitherto on the boards at this theatre, where magnificence has always been the rule. The cast comprises about sixty people, so that M. Sardou has not limited himself in the telling of his story. The thunderous background of the play will be contrasted with the domestic story of the three chief characters, to be interpreted by Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Kyrie Bellew, and Miss Ellen Terry. A great reproduction of the historical pageant, "The Fête of the Supreme Being," will be given, and this forms the chief opportunity for stage display.

It was Robespierre's reply to the atheistical procession of the Goddess of Reason, and was a gigantic affair. Representatives of warriors of ancient classic times, and of the Convention of the day, attired in their splendid uniforms, ushered in the Goddess of Agriculture, while music blared and banners waved. All this we are to see at the Lyceum. We are to be shown, also, a reproduction of the sitting of the Convention, where Robespierre's downfall is decided upon. It was a scene of wild confusion. A babel of tongues filled the air with raucous cries, everyone trying to shout down the other; the President's bell jangled for order, which it did not obtain, but vainly added its part to the general uproar.

Among these lurid and stirring scenes the story of Robespierre, played by Sir Henry Irving, his wife, by Miss Ellen Terry, and his illegitimate son—purely a fictional character—by Mr. Kyrie Bellew, runs its course.

Of a directly opposite character is Mr. Haddon Chambers' "comedy of temperament," "The Tyranny of Tears," now in active preparation by Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre. In this there are only five parts, and the action requires only two scenes, a study and a garden in a house at

Hampstead, for the four acts. "The Tyranny of Tears" is a most excellent title—not merely because it is alliterative and euphonious, but because it exactly describes the story the author has to tell. It is the story of an apparently weak and yielding woman who in five years reduces her husband to the condition of a slave, a martyr to her whims. He is suddenly awakened to find that he can hardly call his soul his own, that gradually and unnoticed she has undermined his individuality, reduced his personality almost to nothingness. Her method has been no uncommon one—it is the constant dripping which has worn away the stone, it is, among other things, "the tyranny of tears."

All this sounds very serious, and to the people of the drama it is very serious—with a seriousness culminating in the wife leaving the husband because at last he has put his foot down and his back against the wall, and has refused her her own way in a matter which she considers of importance—but it is hoped that to the onlookers, the audience, it is only the humorous aspect of the question which will present itself. No attempt has been made by Mr. Haddon Chambers to write funny scenes—as has been said, to the characters of the play they are far from funny—but they are expected to prove funny from the nature of them, from the latent humour of them.

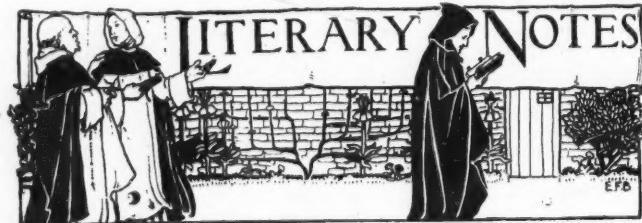
The time approaches when "Carnac Sahib" will make his appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Amid all that has been said of the scope and scheme of the play, the real central motive of it has, perhaps, been more or less lost sight of. It is, primarily, a study of the effect upon two different temperaments of an unworthy passion. Both are brave soldiers, both are the slaves of the passion for a "wicked" woman. Its effect on one of them is to deaden for a time his sense of honour; it drives him to subterfuge and a lapse from rectitude. But, her influence removed, he redeems his honour on the field of battle, and by his bravery purges himself of his temporary falling away. The other, when this mental intoxication has departed, turns to the true and tender love of the young girl who long ago gave him her heart. This is the real *motif* of "Carnac Sahib," worked out in the romantic, picturesque, and exciting environment of Indian warfare.

It is said that Mr. Forbes Robertson intends making his reappearance in London in a new Japanese comedy written by the author of that wonderful little Chinese tragedy, "The Cat and the Cherub," Mr. Fernald, with illustrative music by Mr. Page, who so admirably pointed the power and the pathos of the Chinese play by his orchestral accompaniment. If this be really true, Mr. Forbes Robertson has a pleasant surprise for us, and he and his play will be welcomed very warmly.

"In Days of Old" is being assiduously prepared by Mr. George Alexander for early presentation at the St. James's. This is to be no great spectacular affair; there are no crowds of soldiers and "populace," though, of course, it will be treated with the splendour and sumptuousness we look for at the St. James's. Although it is a play of the period of the Wars of the Roses, it is not a war play, but deals with a situation and a course of events created by the war. Mr. Alexander has engaged a fine company to render Mr. Rose's work, including Miss Fay Davis, Miss Julie Opp, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. H. B. Irving, Master Bottomley, and another fine actor whose name must not yet be mentioned.

Mr. Haddon Chambers, the author of one of Mr. Alexander's greatest successes, "The Idler," has been asked to write another piece for the theatre

PHOEBUS.



THE eyes of great men promise to be an inexhaustible topic. The theory was advanced not long ago—on the authority, if we remember rightly, of Sir Edgar Boehm—that the fierceness of Mr. Gladstone's eye was due to an inner lid like a hawk's. It was promptly scouted by some specialist as utterly unscientific and untenable. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has hazarded a somewhat similar explanation of her father's eye in her introduction to the latest (the twelfth) volume of the biographical edition of his works. Thackeray had, it seems, the faculty of taking in the contents of a page at a glance. "It was only the other day," continues Mrs. Ritchie, "that an eminent politician of the present time declared to friend that it was almost impossible for him to read less than three lines at once, and some such power must have belonged to my father's short-sighted eyes." But is not this again a misapprehension? The capacity for reading quickly is due not to some special construction of the eye, surely, but to a trained alertness of brain. In the same way, a Chancery barrister can readily find his way through a complicated deed of gift which a layman could not grasp after a week's study. The opinion of a competent oculist on the point would be worth having.

Thackeray, as one would imagine, was no edition-hunter. He used a cheap, battered old *Boswell*, with double columns, and shabby worn-out copies of Johnson's *Poets*. Another novelist, Charles Reade, resembled him in that respect, we have been told. The author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend" kept shelves full of well-worn and cheap copies of his literary favourites, and was accustomed to declaim in his most trenchant fashion against the "foppery" of those who permitted themselves luxuries in the way of print and binding. The two examples tend to prove that the book collector may be a totally distinct person from the book lover; and there is another instance to the point. When the library of Mr. Delane, the famous editor of the *Times*, was dispersed the other day, the discovery was made that many of the volumes, and those chiefly presentation copies, were uncut! Did he boldly assure the writers that he had read their works with the utmost interest, or resort to the safer formula: "I hope to find time to read your book shortly, when I have no doubt"—and so forth?

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article by Mr. John Burroughs on "The Vital Touch in Literature." His argument, which is conducted somewhat tortuously, comes to this—that the real point of interest is the quality or personality of the writer himself. Mr. Burroughs's generalisation seems correct enough so far as it goes, only it does not take us very far. How does he define "personality"? He means, apparently, a certain tissue of mind, though the ordinary connotation of the word is rather that of appearance, bearing, and conversation. But surely the verbal graces can be cultivated so as to produce a

strong individuality of style, and yet originality of thought may be entirely absent. Literature of that kind can hardly be described as having a "vital touch." Altogether we fear that Mr. Burroughs's dissertation upon what makes a great book is hardly less barren than such attempts to measure genius with a foot-rule are apt to be.

From Mr. Burroughs's would-be sublimities let us pass to some practical advice offered in the *Publisher's Circular* to booksellers' assistants. Its effect is that they should treat customers as human beings. "The small wants of later customers can often be disposed of while the first customer is making up his mind." A capital wrinkle that, only it is generally her mind that requires settling. Thus a lady will keep some dozen males in simmering wrath at Christmas-time, while she enquires vaguely after a fairy-book in a green or blue cover. Title, author, and publisher are, of course, mere details. The *Publisher's Circular* does not expect booksellers' assistants to be magicians of memory or arithmetic. "A nervous or fussy clerk," it sagely remarks, "had better not attempt to become involved in more than one customer at a time." Quite so; but it is, unfortunately, just the nervous and fussy clerk who does involve a whole shopful of people in inextricable confusion.

The boom in cricket literature shows no signs of diminishing, in spite of the extraordinary popularity of Prince Ranjisinhji's book. To the list of famous batsmen who have ventured into print is to be added Mr. Alfred Lubbock. He is preparing some "Memories of Eton and Etonians," dealing mainly with cricket and sport. Mr. Lubbock was captain of the Eton eleven so far back as 1863, but he and his brother, Mr. Edgar Lubbock, were representative amateur cricketers for many years later. As a family the Lubbocks emulate the Studds and the Lytteltons in the number of their members who have worn the light blue cap. As Mr. Lubbock is a modest man, he will no doubt avoid the innocent egotism of a certain professional cricketer who took to writing. That authority began one of his chapters: "We now come to the forward stroke, of which I am the greatest living exponent." There was some truth in the statement, but the discovery might have been made by another.

Periodicals appealing to a limited public enjoy, as a rule, such a short life in this country, that the "Annals of Botany" are to be heartily congratulated on having entered upon the thirteenth year of their existence. They could have no more competent editor than Professor Sydney Vines—may we venture upon the mild joke that his very name is appropriate?—and the rapidly-increasing popularity of his subject should ensure for him an increasing body of subscribers.

There seems, for some reason or other, to be a momentary decline in books of travel or adventure. A forthcoming publication, however, which should be well worth reading is Dr. Morgan Grace's "Sketches and Incidents of the Maori War," which Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son are to produce. Fighting as studied from the general's and not the soldier's point of view will be somewhat of a novelty. We are also promised photographs of New Zealand scenery, and of Maori chieftains, both of which can be picturesque. The survivors of the war, too, have some thrilling stories to tell, notably of the Homeric challenge of the natives that an equal number of picked men should come forth from the respective hosts and decide the issue in hand-to-hand combat. Altogether, Dr. Morgan Grace should have materials in abundance for a rattling volume. Another Antipodean veteran who has lately come home is Captain Turpie, the master of the Royal Missionary Society's ship. He has seen thirty-eight years' service in the South Seas, and could tell as varied a life-story as any man living. It is to be hoped that this fine old salt will not shrink from authorship any more than he has quailed before hurricanes. The wild life of the South Seas, the more or less gentle savage, and the brutal beach-comber have in Mr. Louis Becke a highly-competent delineator—when, by the way, will he give us that biography of "Bully" Hayes, which he alone is capable of writing?—and Mr. Dibbs is a promising adventurer into the same field. Still, there is room for yet another upholder of the romance of the South Seas.

What are the best books? The question seems to be in the air. But is it not a little fatuous? One has a grim suspicion that the man who would buy, let me say, the best fifty books, must be a man of no taste or literary judgment. His eclectic mind, at any rate, must run from Marcus Aurelius and the "Analects" of Confucius to "The Arabian Nights" and "The School for Scandal." He is equally at home with A'Kempis and Voltaire, St. Augustine and Darwin. He turns with ease from the "Dialogues" of Plato to the "Tam o' Shanter" of Burns, and from the Bible to "Vanity Fair." That such a vast outlook can be taken from the standpoint of Little Puddington is a marvel of the age. Perhaps, however, it is one of the "Sins of Education" so cleverly sneered at in the "Maga." The biting pen of the *Blackwood* scribe casts many a scathing gibe both at the modern fiction writer, who is equally ready, with his eye upon the market, with a theological, a dialect, or a sham Dumas story, and at those who pander to the vanity of such as desire to have a bowing acquaintance with the masters dead and gone. My excellent friend the *Academy* has asked its readers to say what are the twelve best books of the spring, including new editions. One wonders whether they would consider intrinsic merit, and what should be the standard of value. The Browning love letters have the best of the running. They are just twice as good as "The Imitation of Christ," and three times as good as "The Pickwick Papers." Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat" runs them pretty hard in the voting, and the new life of Tennyson is a bad third. Other biographies are those of Barrow, William Morris, and Millais. "The Natural History of Selborne" is, of course, there, as well as "Vanity Fair" and "Pride and Prejudice." But where is Shakespeare? Pretty low in the "second twelve," and little better than "Mr. Dooley"! No one seems to have thought of Sir William Hunter's masterly "History of British India," from which we see again that there can be no standard of comparison. The publishers honoured with the suffrages of the electors are Messrs. Smith, Elder, Macmillan, John Murray, Kegan Paul, Longmans, John Lane, and Methuen.

A novel which I should look for with interest is "A Man and His Kingdom," by E. Phillips-Oppenheim. This writer showed remarkable dexterity in weaving an excellent diplomatic plot, with dramatic incidents, in his "Mysterious Mr. Satin." The new story will also be political, dealing with intrigue in a South American State, and the working of modern Communism.

Excellent Whyte-Melville, dear to the reader of COUNTRY LIFE, is having new popularity. "Market Harborough," that fine sporting novel, has just been added to Messrs. Ward, Lock's well-printed, well-bound, and well-illustrated library edition. It is excellently illustrated by John Charlton. By the way, why have not the publishers dated the volume? I should have liked it better, though, of course, no one can mistake this for a new book. Meanwhile, Messrs. Thacker are publishing by subscription, and selling in sets only, their *édition de luxe*. This is a beautiful form for one's shelves.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Fame the Fiddler." S. J. Adair FitzGerald. (Greening.)
- "The Life and Writings of George Borrow." Professor W. I. Knapp. (Murray.)
- "The Lives and Times of the Early Valor's Queens." Catherine Hearn. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "Francis Turner Palgrave." Gwenllian F. Palgrave. (Longmans.)
- "Mediterranean Winter Resorts." E. A. Reynolds-Ball. (Kegan Paul.)
- "Rachel." Jane Helen Findlater. (Methuen.)
- "A Daughter of the Vine." Gertrude Atherton. (Service and Paton.)
- "No. 5, John Street." Richard Whiteing. (Grant Richards.)

LOOKER-ON.



HYACINTHS A FAILURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have grown hyacinths in water and pots for many years, and have always found some of them come "miffy" and flower down in the bulb. The Dutch growers account for it—propagating from diseased roots, or, as last year, the late frosts damaging the bulbs. I never had so many failures as this year, especially among the blue-coloured varieties.—FULHAM.

[The Dutch growers are right. There is no fault probably at all in their culture, but the bulbs were insufficiently ripened, and some varieties are more affected than others. The best bulbs are those of medium size, satiny, and heavy. Good culture, of course, is essential to the production of fine spikes, but soft, ill-ripened bulbs are invariably a dead failure.]

Another correspondent, "Miss J.," sends us bulbs afflicted in a similar way to those described above, want of ripening being the cause. It is very disappointing for bulbs to fail in this way, but in future we would advise our correspondents always to select hard, sound roots.—ED.]

HERNE'S OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Norman Brown's article in your issue for March 4th. As a boy, I roamed a deal about Windsor Park and Forest, but it was never my good fortune to see Herne's Oak. I was told (over thirty years ago) that what was left of it had been cut down, and all the sound timber taken into the stores at Windsor Castle. I am, indeed, glad to learn that I may yet see the tree, and would thank Mr. Norman Brown very much if he would tell me which direction to take from William the Conqueror's Oak to get to it.—CHARLES ROWLAND.

TO KEEP OFF TRAMPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if any of your readers will kindly give me hints as to the best mode of keeping tramps away from a gentleman's residence by the side of the main road, between two large towns, along which a great number of vagrants travel. The house is just on the outskirts of a small country town, and about 300 yards off the Union Workhouse. It is separated from the street by a high stone wall, and the back and front are respectively approached through large wooden doors. It is proposed to keep a big dog of the keeper's watch-dog type chained up within view of each approach, also a terrier to run loose about the grounds. Are these the best kinds for the purpose, and what other precautions are recommended?—RUSTIC.

EARLY BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whilst walking in the garden yesterday (March 18th) I saw a thrush fly out of its nest in a yew tree, and on climbing the tree I found one egg in the nest. Is not this very early for birds to lay?—R. A. KING, Repton.

LEARNING TO SHOOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am an old-fashioned sportsman, of so old a fashion that I actually began to shoot in the era of the muzzle-loader. Still, I have endeavoured, with a certain success, to keep abreast of the times. The old fashion of instruction used to be to let us "follow on" the bird with the gun. This is the style of shooting that would make the rest of a modern line lie flat down in their butts, or their places behind a row of Norfolk fir trees. I cannot help thinking that the method advised by "Sagittarius" would be a little apt to lead to this sort of thing with a naturally new shot; but my object in asking your leave to publish this letter is not to say this, but to point out a useless trick that I see young shots taught when they begin. They are taught to throw up the gun on the line of their instructor's eye. This is all very well, but it is no use putting up the gun unless the trigger is pulled at the right moment. It is the two hands working together under the guidance of the eye that makes the good shot; but they are not made to pull the trigger, because it is bad for the mechanism of the gun to do so with no cartridge in. And if you put in a dummy cartridge, your modern gun ejects it, and you have all the trouble of picking it up. Throwing the gun up without pulling the trigger I believe to be no good at all. In the old days we used to put a bit of leather or something over the nipple to soften the jar, or we used, preferably, to fire with a cap; and if the person at whose eye we were aiming was afraid of standing the fire of the percussion cap (and no doubt there was some risk), we would fire the caps at candles in the room, and try to put them out. This is splendid practice. If beginners even nowadays would practice with a muzzle-loader and caps, I am sure it would do them a deal more good than the useless throwing up the gun without pulling the trigger that we see so often. This is what I wanted to be allowed to say, and I am very sorry to have been so prolix about saying it.—OLD FOEGY.

A BELGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE IN ENGLISH STYLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—I am a subscriber to your interesting work, and, in order to show the satisfaction afforded me by the views contained therein—and with which I was inspired in building some English cottages in Belgium—I am sending you a view of a country house in English style built by me in the vicinity of Brussels, amidst the delightful sites of La Hulpe, Ottignies, and Court-les-Bains.—ED. FRANKEN-WILLEMAERS.

[We are glad to hear that a taste for the English style of architecture has been inspired by COUNTRY LIFE.—ED.]

SCARING BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—It has often struck me as I have passed through most of the rural districts that there must be some much better method of scaring birds away from newly-sown fields than those now employed by the majority of farmers in this country. Surely there is a great deal of time, money, voice, and powder wasted in the methods now in use. The common or garden scarecrow now used seems to be absolutely useless. It has struck me that if a really good specimen of the hawk tribe was to be stuffed and put up in a really natural position, it would act as a very effectual scare to almost every bird, rooks and all. By means of a couple of poles and a wire stretched across, the bird might be suspended in a flying position, and look more attractive than a few dead rooks strewn about. I'm sure it would pay to get a bird really well stuffed, as it would look much more natural. Hoping you will be able to find a small corner for this.—SCARECROW.

OTTERS' MODE OF FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very much obliged by the letter of your correspondent, "Arthur Gillman," in answer to mine on the above subject. Also, I am much pleased to find that my view is shared by so accurate an observer as "A Son of the Marshes," whose writings are always so delightful. After all, it is a matter of very simple observation. If only a few more correspondents would "weigh in" with their evidence, I do think we should dispose for ever of a mistake that is not very important, no doubt (for the otter will please himself as to his manner of feeding, however much we talk and write about it); still, it is apparently a mistake. The tail, not the shoulder, is the part that the otter likes to begin on. I cannot but think that the taker of the wonderful photographs of otters swimming, etc., that I saw and admired in your paper a few numbers back, must have seen much of their habits while he had the patience to wait till he got such splendid results with his camera. Would he not give us a hint from his experience? I should like to clear this matter up, and am much obliged to you for giving me such a good chance of doing so.—WELSHMAN.

DESTROYING VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—More foolish things have been said, written, and done in connection with the destruction of vermin than with any other connecting line between natural history and sport. At one end of the scale is the theoretical naturalist who imagines that pole-traps catch nightingales, and at the other end is the unimaginative keeper who is prepared to swear and to prove that mice kill cock pheasants in their sleep. First and foremost amongst the vermin to be ruthlessly destroyed is the domestic cat which has taken to poaching. He is irreclaimable, useless, and ought to be abolished. If a keeper is worth his salt, to say nothing of his wages, he will kill all such from pure love of his work, and if he is not paid for cats' tails, he will not kill the well-conducted family pet for the sake of the extra sixpence. The stoat, and, above all, the rat, should be ruthlessly killed down. The stoat, graceful as he is, does more harm than good, and is capable of a great deal of harm. The sparrow-hawk, even more graceful, does as much harm, but the rat, less graceful than either, does more harm than both. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the rat is a scavenger. I have myself seen him in numbers feeding like the rabbit on growing corn, and it is a proverb in Devonshire that rats eat only the very best of food. Stoats and sparrow-hawks are worth sixpence each in vermin money, and rats at least twopence. The same remarks, in a modified degree, apply to the weasel. The hedgehog is an egg-sucker; he is more numerous than people suppose, and does not allow himself to be seen often enough to be interesting. The squirrel, though an egg-sucker, is far too beautiful, familiar, and popular to be interfered with. The badger, though to my own knowledge caught *flagrante delicto* taking a hen pheasant off her nest, is too rare and interesting to be killed. The fox only does real harm to very young birds. He can be kept out at the critical time by vigilance on the part of the keepers, and gives far too much first-class sport to be "butchered to make a pot-hunter's holiday." The owl and the kestrel live mostly on mice, voles, and small birds; they do on balance more good than harm; they are beautiful and interesting birds, and should be left alone. The merlin cannot do harm. The ordinary keeper kills this beautiful little falcon, and expects sixpence. He should be discharged. The magpie, beautiful as he is, should not be tolerated on the estate of any self-respecting game-preserved. If anybody wants to see magpies they can go to Ireland. There they will find plenty of magpies, but no game. The jackdaw occupies most of his misspent life in sucking eggs and stealing chicks. On estates where vermin money is paid, the keeper generally receives twopence. The keeper is under-paid. No man should permit his keeper (if he can help it) to shoot a raven or a peregrine falcon. He is lucky if he has a specimen of either on his estate. The golden eagle is too rare and the mouse too small to do any harm. The jay is beautiful, but an inveterate egg-sucker; the charm of his voice is not by any means commensurate with the beauty of his plumage; he, like the rat, eats a lot of the pheasants' food in addition to sucking their eggs, and should be slain without remorse. His scalp is well worth twopence. Rooks suck eggs, but eat grubs. They should not be allowed to roost in pheasant cover. The



carrion crow does more harm on a moor than, and as much anywhere else as, any other form of vermin. Keepers generally get sixpence for him; they should get one shilling for the first year they are on their beat, and notice to quit if there are many more carrion crows on their beat again. Blackcocks and cock pheasants should be kept down within reasonable limits. Each is far too cunning to allow himself to be exterminated, and no man will ever regret keeping their numbers down as far as possible. Let it always be borne in mind that Nature has not yet taught vermin to know the difference between game, poultry, and singing birds. The vermin that sucks the eggs or kills the chicks of one sucks the eggs and kills the chicks of all. Lastly, the vermin that kills full-grown game to any extent consists almost solely of the cat and the stoat. The time when real damage is done is in the breeding season, and, by following the lines I have laid down, vermin may be kept within reasonable limits, and yet our interesting fauna need run no risk of extinction.—HUBERT V. DUNCOMBE.

A LOST PIGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have in my possession a beautiful pigeon with Conference ring and date 1897, and two initials, on the naming of which by the owner I should be glad to return it. It is something like a large grey rock pigeon, but has mottled wings. It came to me about six weeks ago, and I should be so grateful if you would assist me to find the owner by kindly inserting this in COUNTRY LIFE.—ADA M. (MISS SHARPE).

MONKEY AS PET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see someone who is thinking of keeping a monkey as a pet asking in your very charming paper which is the best kind to keep. The advice that I, who know something of the matter, would be inclined to give to one and all who are thinking of keeping any kind of monkey as a pet is that which Mr. Punch once gave to persons about to marry—"Don't."—EXPERTO CREDE.

Photographic Competition.

THE conductors of COUNTRY LIFE, being in a position of great advantage for the appreciation of the merits of amateur artists in photography, have determined to do all that lies in their power to encourage the efforts of amateurs.

They therefore offer a prize of £5 for the best set of photographs illustrative of wintry scenes at or about an old country house. The photographs should be silver prints, preferably on printing-out paper, and not less than six in number, and must reach the offices of the paper on or before the 31st day of March, 1899. They must be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel marked clearly on the outside with the words "COUNTRY LIFE Photographic Competition." Each individual photograph must also, for purposes of identification, be marked with the name and address of the competitor.

The decision of the Editor in allotting the prize will be final and without appeal; and the Editor desires it to be known that in arriving at his decision he will take into particular consideration the important matter of choice of subject. Snow scenes and hoar frost effects offer, in his opinion, great opportunities, and when episodes in the life of bird or beast can be introduced, the pictures will certainly be regarded with a favourable eye.

The judgment of the Editor will be pronounced in the month of April, and the right of publishing reproductions of the winning pictures will be reserved. Apart from the prize-winning photographs, it is understood the Editor has the right to publish any photographs sent in on payment of 10s. 6d. for each one used,